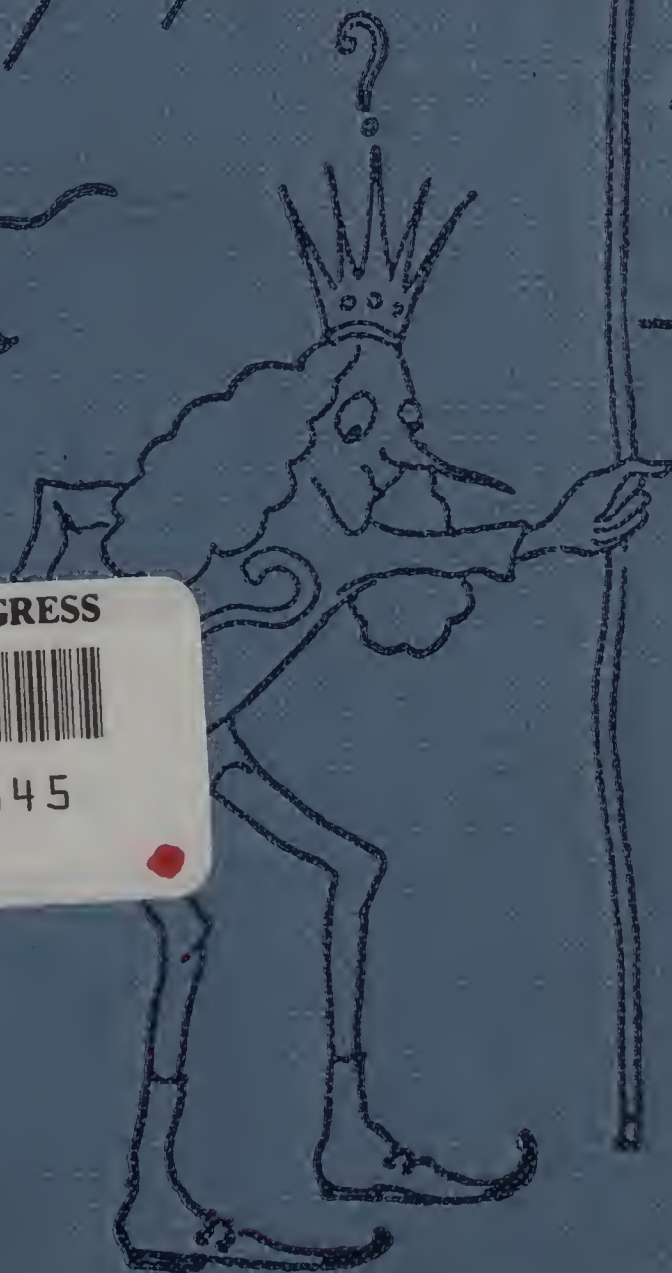
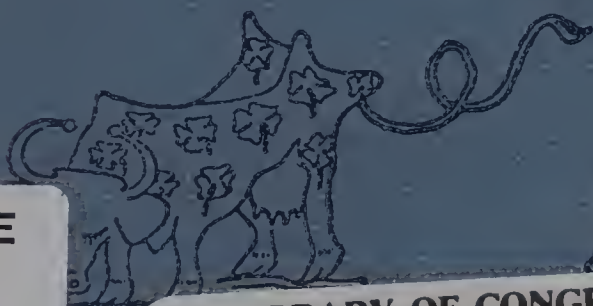
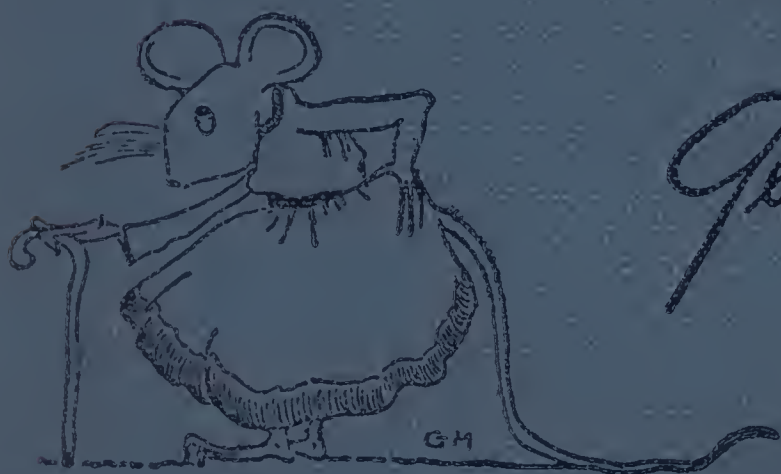




# KING KURIOSITY

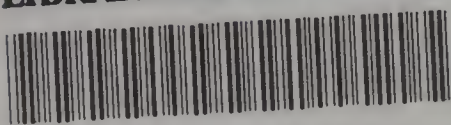
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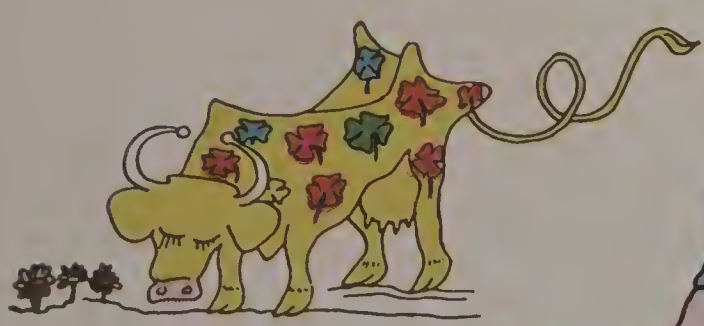
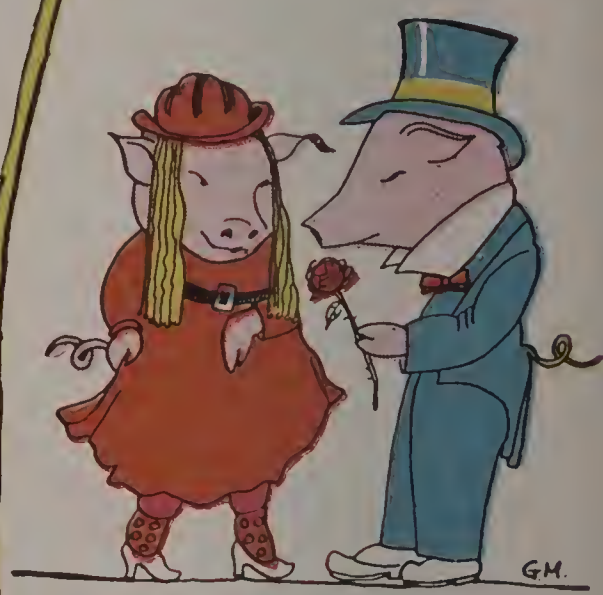
# KING KURIOSITY







# KING KURPRIOSITY





# KURRIOSITY

by

*George Mitchell*



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no. 1

TO  
*THE REAL HUTCH*

WHOSE DELIGHTFUL CHILDHOOD WILL ALWAYS  
REMAIN ONE OF HIS FATHER'S MOST CHERISHED MEMORIES,  
THIS BOOK, IN GRATITUDE, IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED





## PREFACE

Almost everybody is different on the outside.

For instance, there are the people of Asia.

Mostly they have yellow faces and straight black hair.

There are the people of Europe who have pink faces and yellow hair.

There are the people of Africa who have black faces and kinky black hair.

There are the Indians of America who have red faces and the Indians of India who have brown faces, and so on and so on.

But no matter how different we all are on the outside there is one thing on the inside of us that is just exactly alike and that is that we all want to know the ins and outs of everything.

It is called curiosity and without this none of us would ever know anything.

It is by asking questions that we learn the things that make us smart.

And so you will understand that in this book, King Kuriosity is the thing inside of us that asks questions.

And the land of Whyandwherefore is the place in the back of our heads where King Kuriosity lives.

That's why King Kuriosity goes to Rhymeland — because he wants to know why the cow jumped over the moon — why the mouse ran up the clock — why the three wise men went to sea in a bowl — and so on.

And now that we are already, let's begin.—

Just a minute. Hutch is just a regular little boy like any other little boy.

Now we're all ready.—

GEORGE MITCHELL



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# KING KURIOSITY



# KING KURIOSITY

## CHAPTER ONE

### THE LAND OF WHYANDWHEREFORE

Away far off in the land of Whyandwherefore which, as anyone who knows will tell you, lies just at the back of your head, there lived a king who in his long life had asked so many questions that his tongue was worn down as sharp and as pointed as a needle.

His name was King Kuriosity. His ears were long, the better to hear everything that was said. His eyes were big and sharp, the better to see all there was to be seen and his nose was as long as an eel and he poked it here, there and everywhere there might be a bit of news.

He just had to know everything . . . why zebras wore striped suits and leopards polka-dotted ones . . . why storks stood on one leg, which he heard was because if they lifted the other one they would fall down . . . and so on and so on.

And that's the way matters stood one fine day when



*"Come in, come in, my gentle lad."*

## KING KURIOSITY

who should come knocking at the palace gate but a little boy with a big book under his arm. The name of the boy was Hutch and the name of the book was "Mother Goose."

As soon as old King Kuriosity heard about it, he bounced down the royal stairway three steps at a time and flung the gate open:

"Come in, come in, my gentle lad," said he, for he wanted to know all about the book Hutch was carrying.

So in walked Hutch and after a lot of "How do you do's" and "Where did you come from's" and "How's your father and mother" and so on and so on, he, being a king and a very polite old gentleman, told Hutch he was very glad to see him and that he must spend the night with him.

But as soon as Hutch had had his dinner and was fast asleep, old King Kuriosity put on his slippers and dressing gown and sat up in the big throne chair and read "Mother Goose" from beginning to end.

And in the morning he called Hutch to him and said:

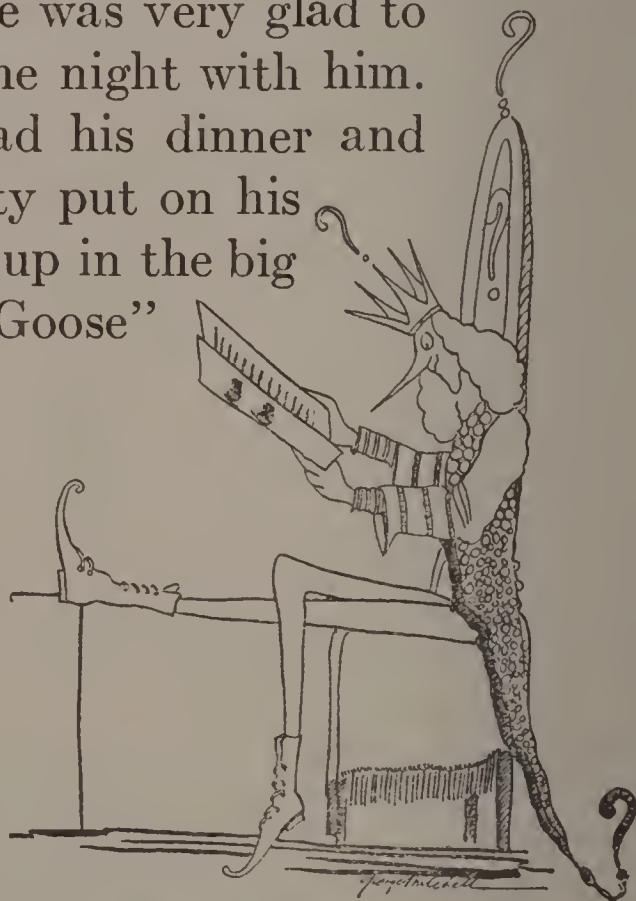
"My boy, I'm going to ask you a few questions and I'd like to have you answer them."

"I will if I can," said Hutch.

"Well, then," said the King, "tell me, if you please, why the cow jumped over the moon?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Hutch, who had never heard such a silly question before.

"Well, well," said the King. "Here is a cow that jumps over the moon and a mouse that runs up and down a clock and three wise men who go to sea in a bowl, and there is no



*Old King Kuriosity . . . sat up in the big throne chair.*



## THE LAND OF WHYANDWHEREFORE

one to tell me why they do it and where they go to after they have done it.”

And the upshot of it was that Hutch couldn't answer the King's questions and the King just had to know.

“Well, never mind,” said the King. “I tell you what we'll do. You and I will set out to find this land of Mother Goose which, judging by all the rhymes, must be called Rhymeland, and we'll ask these pigs and spiders and cows why they did this and that, and we'll soon get at the truth. That's what we want, Hutch, the truth. And we'll have a good time of it too, my lad.”

So bright and early the next morning they sat down to a good breakfast.

“I've a very beautiful present for Mother Goose,” said the King, “which I thought would please the old lady. The best way to please people is to give them things. Everybody likes to have lots of friends and the best way to make friends is to give them presents.”

The present he had for Mother Goose was a nice silk lace handkerchief for her Gander.

“I don't know what a Gander is,” said the King. “Probably her grandfather or her aunt. Whoever it is, he has a nose, and a nose the world over needs blowing every now and then.”

Hutch would have told him his mistake about the Gander, but he thought it would be impolite to correct a king.

And when it was time to start, all the people of Whyandwherefore were at the palace gate and cheered and waved their hands as old King Kuriosity climbed aboard the royal airplane and with a great shout rose up in the air and they were off on their journey.

And just before it began to grow dark and Hutch was beginning to think they would never find Rhymeland, he jumped up and pointed to a curious-looking country.

## KING KURIOSITY

“What’s that funny-looking house over there in the shape of a shoe with all the children running about? It must be the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe.”

“Then this must be Rhymeland,” said King Kuriosity.

And just then from behind them there was a great noise and flapping of wings, and looking they saw a big Gander come flying as swift as an eagle and on his back sat old Mother Goose herself.

“Welcome to Rhymeland,” she shouted. “Follow me and the end of your nose.”

And King Kuriosity followed in the airplane and in a few minutes they came down to the ground.

“Come into my house,” said Mother Goose, “and I will give you a cup of tea.”

So they went into Mother Goose’s house, a very pleasant little cottage, and there was the owl at the door and everything just as it was in the book.

And when King Kuriosity and Hutch had gone inside and Mother Goose had given them some tea, King Kuriosity gave Mother Goose the lace silk handkerchief for her Gander, but Mother Goose who was really a lady at heart didn’t laugh in the

least when she thought of the Gander blowing his nose with it.

And when King Kuriosity told Mother Goose why he had come to Rhymeland she was much pleased and promised that he and Hutch could go wherever they pleased and ask as many questions as ever they could think of.



*A very pleasant little cottage, and there was the owl at the door.*

## CHAPTER TWO

### THE ARRIVAL AT RHYMELAND

That night after King Kuriosity and Hutch had been tucked snugly into bed and were snoring away for their dear lives, Mother Goose sat up half the night thinking how she could entertain her royal guest and his friend Hutch.

“King Kuriosity,” said she to her very fine Gander, “is a very grand person and we must do something that will show him how very proud we are to have him here in Rhymeland. Everybody makes a great fuss over kings wherever they go and we, too, must do our best.”

“Couldn’t we give him a great big parade?” asked the Gander.

“It would look too funny for anything,” said Mother Goose laughing at the very idea.

“Just think of the Four and Twenty Blackbirds marching along beside the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon.”

“Yes, I guess you’re right,” said the Gander. “But what else can we do?”

And they thought and they thought and they thought. Pretty soon Mother Goose jumped to her feet.

“I know what,” said she.

“What?” asked the Gander.

“We’ll give them a marvelous breakfast and have all the people and animals here to meet them.”



*“We’ll give them a marvelous breakfast.”*



## KING KURIOSITY

“Dandy, dandy,” said the Gander.

And so it was decided.

And Mother Goose flew away on her Gander and told everybody and animal to come to the breakfast in their best clothes and be sure to brush their hair and their teeth and wash their hands and faces. And back she flew and had her little cottage all washed up and brushed and dusted and she hung flags and ribbons and what not all over the house till it looked like a palace on a king’s birthday.

And later when King Kuriosity and Hutch came down to breakfast, they were surprised for, behold! All the people and animals were there to meet them, and there was the grand music of old King Cole’s fiddlers three and Tom, Tom the Piper’s son’s father himself piping away on his pipes, and the bells of the old Lady of Bambury Cross ringing out, and the Cat and the Fiddle scratching away like mad, and such a great merry-making that never was such a breakfast set before a king, what with pies and puddings and cake for the people and the finest of cheese for the mice, and beautiful garbage for the pigs, and so on and so on till the table was near to breaking with the weight of it all.

And when King Kuriosity and Hutch were seated at the head of the table and everybody and animal had eaten as much as ever they wanted, Mother Goose stood up to make a speech.

But she had drunk so many cups of tea and had eaten so many lady fingers that she was all stuffed up and couldn’t say a word and her Gander had to speak for her, and this is what he said:

“Pardon my verbosity,  
Old King Kuriosity,  
But I would like to introduce  
All the friends of Mother Goose.”



## THE ARRIVAL AT RHYMELAND

Just then when the Gander was taking a big breath to go on with his talk, the Three Blind Mice that ran into the farmer's wife and had their tails cut off with the carving knife, began to run out on the table.

"What's this, what's this?" said the Gander.

"We want to show our new tails," said the Three Blind Mice and they held them up in their little paws, and sure enough, there they were . . . nice new gray tails.

"Why, it's only darning yarn tied on," said Hickory Dickory Dock, the mouse that ran up the clock."

"Well, what if it is?" said the Three Blind Mice. "It's better than no tails at all."

"Be that as it may," said Hickory Dickory Dock —

"You ought to know that yarn  
Is only used to darn  
The holes in children's socks and pants  
By mothers and their spinster aunts."

"Order, order," shouted the Gander, who was afraid the mice would get to quarrelling and spoil the party.

But the Three Blind Mice who were afraid of all the cats at the table ran back to their places and were soon as quiet as mice and the Gander was about to begin to talk again when the Cock Horse That Rode the Old Lady to Bambury Cross got up on his hind legs:

"Speaking of tails," said he —

But at that moment the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon jumped over the chandelier and the Gander called again for order and when all was quiet the horse began again:

"Speaking of tails reminds me —"

Here he coughed once or twice behind his hoof.

"You'll have to excuse me. I caught cold last night and this morning I'm a little hoarse."

## KING KURIOSITY

Everybody and animal giggled at that and the horse began again.

“Speaking of tails reminds me of a tale I heard the other day . . .”

And all the animals and everybody giggled again, saying, “Isn’t he the comical horse?”

And the Cock Horse began again:

“And it went like this—

“In pictures of the Dromedary”

“What’s a dromedary?” asked Hutch of King Kuriosity.

“I’m not sure,” said the King, “but I think it’s a date.”

“Let’s ask,” said Hutch, and turning to Mother Goose he asked her.

“It’s a camel,” said she.

“Then why doesn’t he call it a camel?” said Hutch.

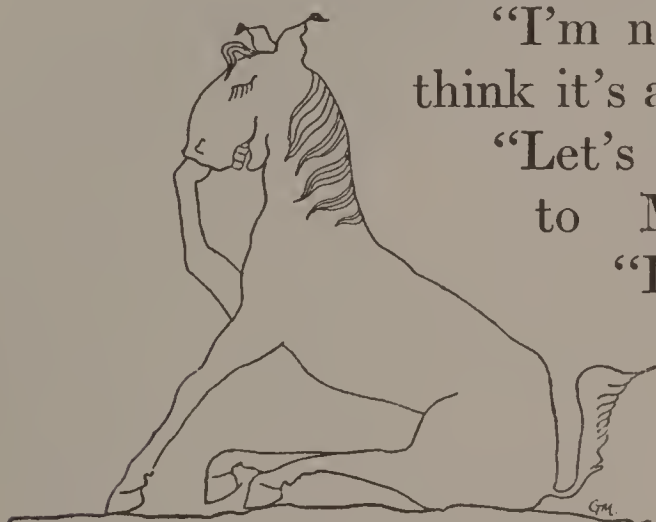
“He’s a Cock Horse, and he’s showing off,” said Mother Goose.

And the horse began again:

“Speaking of tails reminds me. Oh, yes, I said that before. Where was I? Oh, yes . . .

“In pictures of the Dromedary  
You will find him making very  
Sad and rather mournful faces  
When he’s not in an oasis.

“And the reason is befitting:  
Camels do a lot of sitting  
And you know, as like as not,  
That the sand is awful hot.”



*Here he coughed once or twice behind his hoof.*

## THE ARRIVAL AT RHYMELAND

There was a great deal of laughing and giggling all around the table as the Cock Horse sat down and the Gander got up on his feet again.

“As I was saying before,” said he, “I’d like to introduce the friends of Mother Goose,” and before any one else could interrupt him he went at so great a speed that you could scarcely understand him:

“There’s old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three,  
And the Three Wise Men who went to sea,  
Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue  
And the funny Old Lady That Lives in a Shoe.”

Here he stopped long enough to mop his forehead with the pretty lacy hanky King Kuriosity had given him, tucking it under his wing when he had finished:

“The Cow that Jumped Over The Great Big Moon,  
The Ten O’Clock Scholar that came at noon,  
The King, the Queen and the Blackbird Pie,  
Little Jack Horner, the Spider and Fly.”

And goodness knows what else he might have said, but at that moment everybody and animal began to talk at once and you couldn’t hear your ears.



## CHAPTER THREE

### THE ROYAL BREAKFAST

You see all the people and animals thought that King Kuriosity wanted to hear what they had done. And when they began to talk they shouted and yelled so loud everything was jumbled up and you never heard anything like it — what with pigs and birds and cows and mice and horses and boys and girls and kings and queens and so on and so on, and this is what it sounded like:

Jack and Jill come blow your horn,  
Hush-a-bye-Baby the cows in the corn,  
Little Jack Horner went to the cupboard,  
“Baa Baa Black Sheep,” said old Mother Hubbard.

A dillar, a dollar a Ten O'clock Scholar,  
Frightened Miss Muffet and marked it with T,  
Old King Cole went to sea in a bowl,  
He put in his thumb and out goes she.

Old Mother Hubbard and Little Boy Blue  
Had so many children they didn't know what to do.  
Wee Willie Winkle without any wife  
Sewed a fine seam with a carving knife.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, pudding and pie,  
Lady Bug, Lady Bug, I saw him die,  
The Cat and the Fiddle with bells on her toes  
Rode a Cock Horse and pecked off her nose.

## THE ROYAL BREAKFAST

Solomon Grundy put in his thumb,  
The Little Dog laughed and pulled out a plum.  
Old Mother Goose jumped over the moon,  
Rub-a-dub-dub ran away with the spoon.

Georgey Porgey was wondrous wise;  
The Cows in The Meadow scratched out his eyes.  
Daffy Down Dilly could eat no fat,  
So he went to the cupboard to buy him a hat.

Well, you can see, as easily as the nose on your face,  
that King Kuriosity couldn't make head or tail of all that  
jumble. So he got up and thanked them for what they had  
said, and thinking that they could only understand rhyme,  
said he:

“I tell you what we'd better do,  
I think I'll call on each of you;  
In that way you can tell your story—”

Here he broke down because he couldn't think of a word  
to rhyme with “story” except Billy McGlory, and he forgot  
who Billy was. But they understood what he wanted just the  
same.

And so it was arranged, and everything would have been  
sweet as pie if the Cat That Had Been to London to See the  
Queen hadn't thought that she was a little bit more class than  
the cat that Tommy Green had put down the well and King  
Kuriosity should visit her first.

“No, no,” said Tommy Green's cat. “You're no more the  
great lady than I am.”

And the Cat That Went to London put up her back and  
bristled her whiskers and said: “You're only common back-  
yard trash.”

“I'm not,” said Tommy Green's cat, really offended.



## KING KURIOSITY

“You are,” said the Cat That Had Been to London.

“You are.”

“I’m not.”

“You are.”

And before you could say “Hickory Dickory” they began to fight as cats will all the world over and the cups and saucers



*The Cat that Went to London put up her back and bristled her whiskers.*

began to fly and the table, once so beautiful, looked like a china shop after a bull had got through with it.

And in the midst of it the Spider That Fright-

ened Miss Muffet Away and who wasn't even invited because Mother Goose thought his manners were too bad, climbed in through the window and crawled up the leg of the table and bit King Kuriosity on the ankle, and of course the King, who wasn't used to having his ankles bitten, jumped and in the scramble that followed the table was turned over and chairs were broken and everybody and animal rushed pell mell for the door and King Kuriosity lost his wig.

But he was a good old soul, was King Kuriosity, for when he saw that Mother Goose was in tears because of the shocking behavior of her people and animals, just when she wanted them to show off at their best, he went to her and patted her on the shoulder and told her that he would rather lose his entire head than to see her crying.

So Mother Goose dried her eyes on her Gander's handkerchief and everybody was happy again, and the party broke up quite as joyfully as parties should except for a few scratches,

## THE ROYAL BREAKFAST

and as a matter of fact no more than is usual with parties.

And later when King Kuriosity and Hutch were alone the King said:

“You see, Hutch, this all comes of people, like cats, having too much pride. The Cat That Went to London got too stuck-up about seeing the Queen and wanted to snub the other cat. That’s pride, and pride leads to vanity.”

“Yes, I see,” said Hutch.

“Never have too much vanity, my boy,” said King Kuriosity. “It’s very bad for you.”

“I won’t,” said Hutch.

“By-the-bye,” said King Kuriosity, “I wonder how I look myself. I’m ashamed to call on anybody till I get to my room and put on another wig.”

And Hutch thought to himself:

“King Kuriosity, bless his heart, is about as vain as any of the rest of them.”

## CHAPTER FOUR

### THE COW THAT JUMPED OVER THE MOON

The next morning, after a good night's sleep, for they had been tired from their long journey and the breakfast party, King Kuriosity and Hutch were up and Mother Goose had a very simple breakfast ready for them, Four and Twenty Blackbirds baked in a pie.

After they had finished the pie, they thanked her and set out to visit some of the friends they had made at the party.

And after they had walked along the road awhile, they came to a meadow and saw a cow contentedly cropping the grass.

"That must be the Cow That Jumped Over The Moon," said Hutch. "Don't you think so?"

"Let's go and ask her," said King Kuriosity.

And walking up to the cow, King Kuriosity took off his crown and bowed.

"Are you by any chance the Cow That Jumped Over The Moon?" he asked.

The cow, who had seen them coming, was not to be outdone in politeness. She stopped grazing and made them a bow that was every bit as charming as the King's. Then, swallowing her cud, for she knew that no one ever talked with his mouth full, she answered:

"Yes, I am the Cow That Jumped Over The Moon, and I am honored to meet you."

"And we are very proud to meet you," said King Kuriosity. "We came all the way from the land of Whyandwhere-



## THE COW THAT JUMPED OVER THE MOON

fore to ask you why you jumped over the moon and where you landed when you came down?"

The cow lowered her eyes bashfully, for she was a modest creature and little used to so much attention.

"If your Highnesses will be good enough to sit upon that



*"If your Highnesses will be good enough to sit upon that fence . . . I will be pleased to tell you."*

fence and make yourselves comfortable, I will be pleased to tell you," said she.

So King Kuriosity and Hutch sat upon the fence and the cow, whom we now know well enough to call by her name, "Ethel," sat upon a rock close by and when they were seated, Ethel said:

"I jumped over the moon because I was a very silly cow and thought I could be happier somewhere else than here in my own lovely meadow. People are like that. They are never satisfied with what they have," she said.

"You're quite right," said King Kuriosity. "But do tell us where you jumped to."

## KING KURIOSITY

Ethel cleared her throat and began:

“One fine night in the month of June  
I up and I jumped right over the moon,  
Spilling my milk as I went, they say,  
Which left on the sky the Milky Way.

“Pardon me,” said she, interrupting herself with a pretty blush. “In Rhymeland all of us very often talk in rhyme. I didn’t mean to.”

“Go on, go on,” said King Kuriosity. “I love poetry.”

“But it isn’t polite to show off,” said Ethel. “And besides it’s too hard to find the right words to rhyme with, as anybody who ever wrote poetry will tell you.”



“But we love it,” said Hutch.

*“Pardon me,” said she, interrupting herself with a pretty blush.*

“Well, I’ll try. But you will forgive me if my rhyming is not good.”

“We will,” said King Kuriosity.

“Well, where was I?” asked Ethel.

“Oh yes, in the sky  
Jumping way up over the moon,  
Like a kite or a balloon,  
Down on the other side I flopped;  
Into a circus tent I dropped.”

Here Ethel stopped again:

“It’s not very good poetry,” she said. “But you must remember I’m a cow and not a poet.”

“Go on, go on,” said King Kuriosity.

And Ethel went on:



## THE COW THAT JUMPED OVER THE MOON

“Well, you can easily realize  
How the children opened their eyes  
And clapped their hands and shouted with glee  
And danced with joy when they saw me.

“Really, I’m making a mess of this poetry,” said Ethel.  
“I guess I’m a little nervous. I tell you what I’ll do. I’ll tell you the story now and maybe tomorrow or the next day I’ll have it written out in verse and send it to you.”

“Very well,” said King Kuriosity. “Suit yourself, and that will please us.”

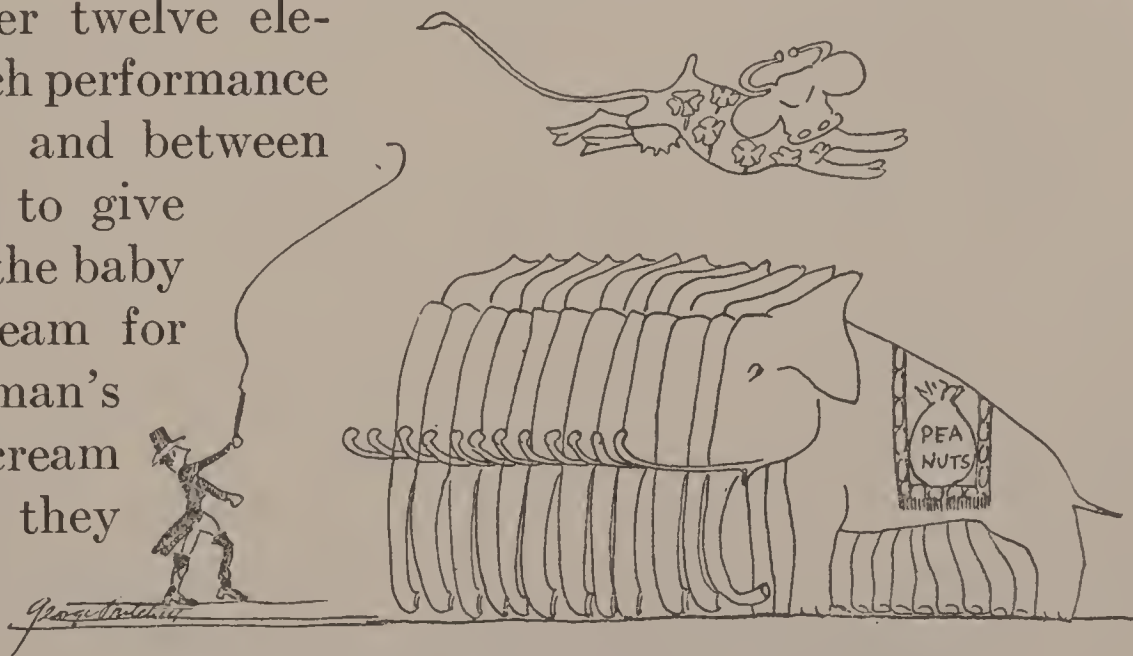
“Thank you,” said Ethel. “Where was I?”

“Where you landed into the circus tent,” said Hutch.

“Oh, yes,” said Ethel. “Well, when the circus man saw what a fine jumper I was, he held on to me you may be sure and put me right in the circus.”

“You became an actor,” said Hutch.

“An actress,” said Ethel proudly correcting him. “I had to jump over twelve elephants at each performance twice a day and between times I had to give milk to feed the baby monkeys, cream for the circus man’s coffee, ice cream for the cones they sold to the children that came to the



*“I had to jump over twelve elephants at each performance.”*

circus and cheese to fill the traps to catch the mice that ate the animals’ hay.”

“What fun,” said Hutch. “Didn’t you like it?”

“Oh, yes,” said Ethel, hiding a yawn behind her hoof.

## KING KURIOSITY

“At first I did; but it soon got tiresome and I wanted to get back home to my own sweet meadow here, where all is quiet and peaceful.”

“But you travelled all over and saw the world,” said Hutch. “You surely must have liked that.”

Ethel again yawned behind her hoof.

“I saw the world with that circus,” said she,

“From Zanzibar to the seventh sea.

But take my word for it, alas,

A blade of grass is a blade of grass.

“Your pardon again,” said she, as her cheek reddened with modesty. “I *will* break into poetry and I shouldn’t. What I meant to say is that if you’ve seen one blade of grass you’ve seen them all.”

“I suppose you’re right,” said Hutch.

“Right as a mouthful of clover,” said Ethel. “The man who said ‘there’s no place like home’ put his hoof on it. It’s all well enough for you and his majesty King Kuriosity to be gallivanting around the world finding the ins and outs of things, but for me, a plain, everyday, milk-giving cow, my place is in the meadow chewing my cud and giving my fourteen quarts a day. I was glad to get back home.”

And as Hutch and King Kuriosity walked away, the King said to Hutch: “You see it’s like this, Hutchie, my lad: People are different. Some like chocolate ice cream and others like horse-radish. Some like to run around finding out the why and the wherefore of everything.”

“Just like you and me,” said Hutch.

“Exactly,” said King Kuriosity.

“I see,” said Hutch. “And the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon was unhappy because she should have stayed at home where she belonged, giving milk.”

## THE COW THAT JUMPED OVER THE MOON

“That’s it in a nutshell,” said the King. “If you’re satisfied with honey on your pancakes, don’t change it for vinegar.”

“I won’t,” said Hutch.

“Good,” said King Kuriosity.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### THE PIG THAT CRIED ALL THE WAY HOME

Hutch, you must remember, wanted to meet the Old Lady That Lived in a Shoe and see all the children she had and how they lived in a shoe and all that.

So, the next day he thought he'd go over to her shoe-house and see for himself.

"It must be great fun to have all those brothers and sisters," he thought. "Lots of children to play with."

And as he walked along the road, he heard a noise behind him and he stopped.

And pretty soon there came toward him a little pig and it was crying.

And Hutch stepped up to the little pig and said:

"Why are you crying, little pig?"

And the little pig said:

"I am the Little Pig That Cried All the Way Home, and I've been crying ever since."

"I'm very sorry for you," said Hutch. "But won't you tell me why you are crying?"

"It's very easy to begin crying," said the Little Pig, "but it's very hard to stop once you've begun, as any little pig or boy or girl will tell you."

"Yes, I know," said Hutch. "But tell me what started you crying?"

"It's a very sad story," said the Little Pig.

"Maybe if you told it to me it would make you feel better," said Hutch who felt sorry for the poor thing.

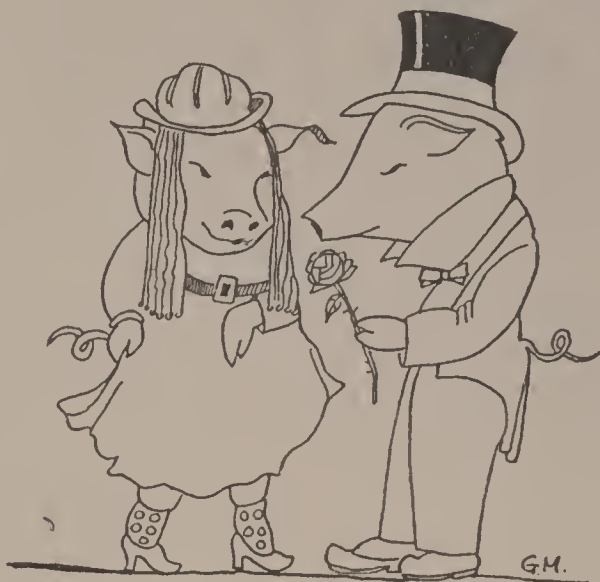


## THE PIG THAT CRIED ALL THE WAY HOME

“Maybe it will,” said the Little Pig, and sitting down in the road on her curly little tail she stopped crying long enough to tell the following story:

“Once when I was but a bride  
My husband walking by my side,  
We chanced upon a babbling  
brook;  
Said he: ‘My dear, let’s have a  
look.’

“And so we wandered arm in arm,  
Neither one suspecting harm;  
Perfect was that afternoon,  
Happy was our honeymoon.



*“Once when I was but a bride,  
My husband walking by my side.”*

“When, from our side, upon a log  
Where we were sitting, jumped a frog  
Who dived as nicely as you please,  
Into the brook, with perfect ease.

“Whereat my husband swelled with pride,  
Then stood upon the river side,  
And said: ‘You think that hard to do?  
Just watch me, I can do it, too.’

“In vain, I begged him not to try.  
Said I: ‘My darling, you will die.’  
‘Aside,’ said he, ‘I’m not a fool,’  
And dove headfirst into the pool.

“And though I watched and watched in vain,  
My darling sank and sank again,  
As round about the fishes swam,  
And fed themselves upon his ham.”



## KING KURIOSITY

And when the Little Pig had finished her story she began to cry all over again.

“Well, that’s a pretty sad story,” said Hutch, “and I hope that it has been a lesson to all other little pigs not to try to do things they are not meant to do.”

“I hope so, too,” said the Little Pig and she trotted away home crying as she went.



*She trotted away home  
crying as she went.*

## CHAPTER SIX

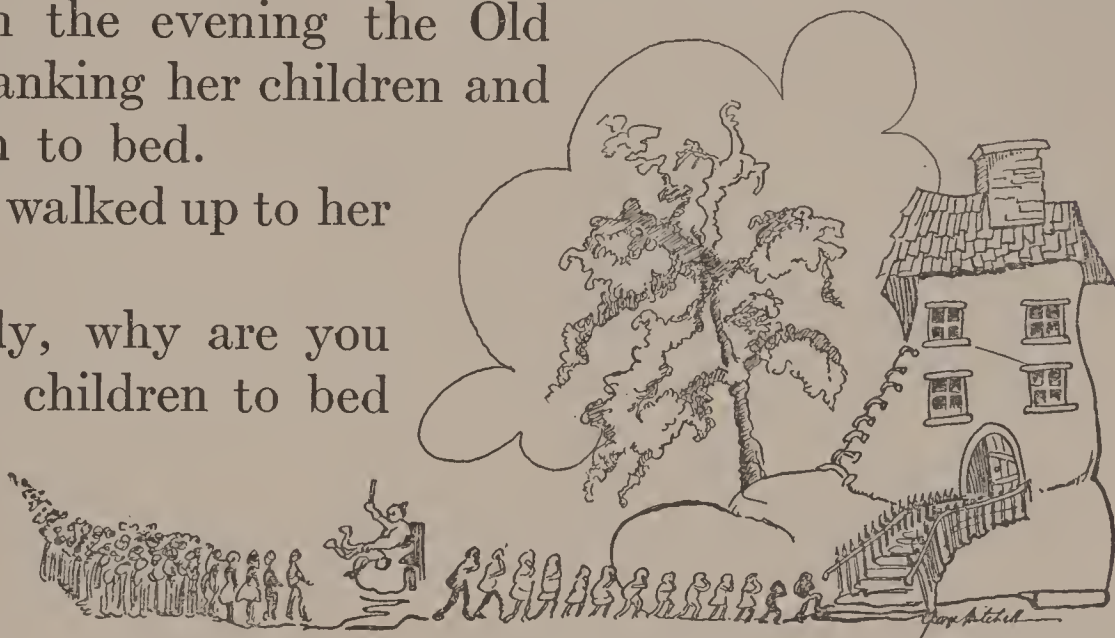
### THE OLD LADY THAT LIVED IN A SHOE

And soon Hutch came to the shoe-house where the Old Lady lived who had so many children and, although it was still early in the evening the Old Lady was spanking her children and putting them to bed.

So Hutch walked up to her and said:

“Old Lady, why are you putting your children to bed so early?”

“Early?”  
said the Old Lady. “This isn’t early.”



*The Old Lady was spanking her children and putting them to bed.*

“Why, it’s only five o’clock,” said Hutch.

“Well, even if it is,” said the Old Lady, “when you have as many children as I have, you’ve got to begin early. If I didn’t start at five o’clock it would be the middle of the night before I had ’em all spanked and tucked in.”

“Quite so, quite so,” said Hutch. “But why do you spank them? They seem to be pretty proper children.”

“Oh, yes, they’re good enough,” said the Old Lady. “But the reason why I spank them is as plain as the nose on your face. Some people think it’s because I am a cruel mother. But, bless your heart, that isn’t the reason at all, at all.

## KING KURIOSITY

I love my children as much as any mother in the world and it's for that very reason I spank them."

"Come, come," said Hutch, "I never heard of a mother spanking her children because she loved them."

"You may believe me or not," said the Old Lady, "but that's the truth of it just the same, for I spank them to keep them warm. Did you ever hear of warming your jacket?"

"Yes, indeed," said Hutch.

"Well, that's what I do," said the Old Lady.

"And why do you warm their jackets if they are good children?" asked Hutch.

"Because I haven't enough blankets to go round," said the Old Lady, "and they'd be cold if I didn't spank them till they got warm."

"How many blankets have you?" asked Hutch.

"Just the one," said the Old Lady.

"And what do you do with that one?" asked Hutch.

"I spread it over myself," said the Old Lady.

"Isn't it big enough to cover all the children?" asked Hutch.

"Yes, I guess it is," said the Old Lady.

"Then, if I were you," said Hutch, "I'd put the children under the blanket and spank myself to keep warm, it wouldn't hurt the children so much."

"I never thought of that," said the Old Lady.

"Well, do," said Hutch.

"I will," said the Old Lady.

"And now," said Hutch, "I'd like to ask you how you came to live in a shoe."

"I don't know," said the Old Lady, "except that my husband was one of the finest cobblers that ever stood up in shoe leather. And when we talked about building a home for ourselves and the children, he thought he could easier



## THE OLD LADY THAT LIVED IN A SHOE

make a big shoe than a big house to fit us all, for he was no carpenter. And I'm thankful at least that he wasn't a baker or we'd be living in an oven and all be baked to a cinder by this time."

"Or if you had married a plumber," said Hutch, "you'd be all drowned in a bathtub."

"Right you are," said the Old Lady, "and speaking of funny houses, I may tell you of some friends of mine. There's the Oyster, for instance. Did you ever hear of the Oysters?"

"No," said Hutch. "But I'd like to."

"Well, it's this way" said the Old Lady.

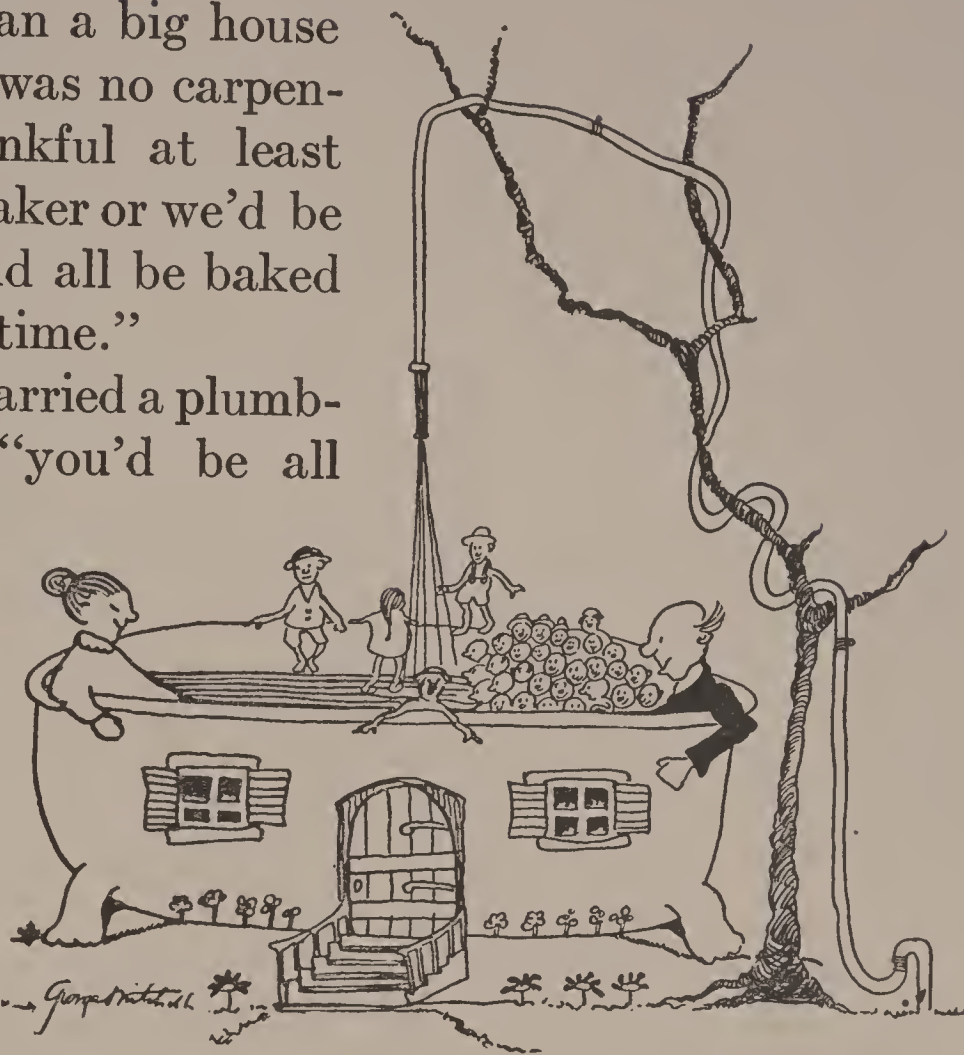
"I knew an oyster very well  
Who's never been outside his shell.  
The Oyster says the reason why  
Is: if he did, he'd surely die.

"And there's the snail and it's a queer house he lives in, I'm sure."

"How do you mean?" asked Hutch.

"I'll tell you," said the Old Lady.

"The Snail, he carries his house on his back,  
The way a peddler shoulders his pack,



*"If you had married a plumber you'd  
be all drowned in a bathtub."*

## KING KURIOSITY

And maybe for days and maybe more  
He won't put his nose outside his door."

"Maybe that's why he walks so slowly," said Hutch.

"There's no maybe about it," said the Old Lady. "For one reason, being cooped in all day he gets no exercise at all, and for another he has to carry his house on his back and when you come to think of it I guess anybody would be slow if he had to carry his house on his back. Think of King Kuriosity gallivanting around with his palace on his shoulders."

All this time the Old Lady had been spanking her children and putting them to bed and when she had reached the last one she turned to Hutch and said:

"Well, young man, I'll be wishing you a good night. The first thing you know it'll be time to start getting the children up again and off to school." And without another word she popped inside of her shoe, pulled the shoestring latch and was gone.

"Well, well, well," said Hutch. "She's a queer old lady to be sure. It seems to me that if I had a lot of children, I wouldn't spank them."

"You wouldn't, eh?" said a voice close beside him and looking around, he saw Humpty Dumpty sitting on a wall.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### HUMPTY DUMPTY

“Don’t you know,” said Humpty Dumpty, “that there is no difference between crying and laughing?”

“No, I didn’t,” said Hutch, “and if you will excuse me for saying it, I don’t believe you.”

“You may believe me or not,” said Humpty Dumpty. “They are exactly alike. I’ve heard people who laugh as if they were crying and vice versa.”

“And what may vice versa mean?” asked Hutch.

“Vice versa means upside down, inside out, topsy-turvy, hindside front,” said Humpty Dumpty, “and that’s what crying and laughing are. Another reason why they are alike is that they are both made in the mouth, and if you do too much of one or the other it is very harmful for you.”

“That may be so,” said Hutch. “But I’d rather laugh than cry any day, and so would anybody else.”

“Like my old friend, the Giraffe,” said Humpty Dumpty.

“What friend, the Giraffe?” asked Hutch.

“If you’ve got a minute to spare,” said Humpty Dumpty, “I will tell you about him. You will have to excuse my not getting down on the ground,” said he, “for if I were to roll off this wall, it would take all the King’s horses and all the King’s men to put me together again.”

“Stay where you are then,” said Hutch.

And without any more talk about it, Humpty Dumpty began to recite:

## KING KURIOSITY



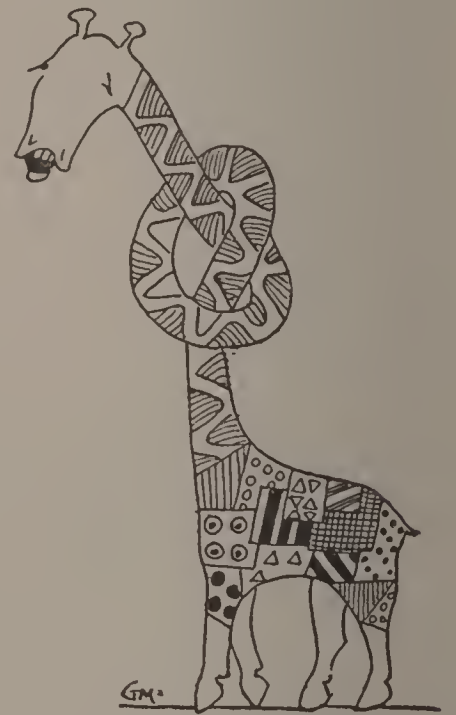
*"I know a Giraffe who  
wanted to laugh."*

"I know a Giraffe  
Who wanted to laugh,  
But his mouth was too far from his tummy  
And try as he would  
It did him no good,  
For he made no more sound than a  
dummy.

"My neck is too long  
That must be what's wrong,'  
Said he, 'And I'm sure it's provoking,'  
So he tied a big knot  
In his neck, but he got  
For his trouble, a terrible choking.

"Then he got on his knees  
In front of two trees,  
And put through his head in the  
middle.  
And sawed up and down  
Like a silly old clown  
Or a pollywog playing a fiddle.

"At last in despair  
He pulled out his hair,  
And grasped in his hoofs a sharp  
hatchet.  
Then bravely he said:  
'I'll chop off my head  
And nearer my funny bone patch it.'

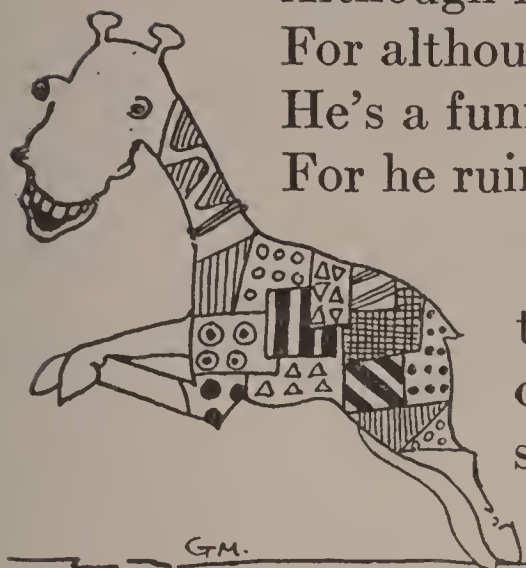


*"So he tied a big knot in  
his neck."*

"And now, if you please,  
He giggles with ease,

## HUMPTY DUMPTY

Although he's an odd-looking creature,  
For although he can laugh,  
He's a funny Giraffe,  
For he ruined his neck — his best feature."



*"He's a funny Giraffe. For he ruined his neck — his best feature."*

"It's a sad story," said Hutch, as the tears ran down both his cheeks and dropped in a lake at his feet, "a very sad story indeed."

"But a true one," said Humpty Dumpty. "The reason I told it to you is that it has a moral in it."

"What's a moral?" asked Hutch.

"I don't know," said Humpty Dumpty.

"Well," said Hutch, "I'm much obliged to you for your story anyhow."

"You're welcome," said Humpty Dumpty.

And as Hutch left him and wandered down the road he thought to himself:

"This is the funniest country I've ever been in. First, I meet a little Pig That Cries All The Way Home. Next I meet an Old Lady who believes in spanking her children so they may cry themselves to sleep. And here is Humpty Dumpty's friend the Giraffe who cut off his head and pasted it nearer his funny bone, so that he would be able to laugh. Animals as well as people do the strangest things."

"You're right there," said a voice, "for there are some people who have too much, and others that haven't enough."

Hutch looked about to see who it was that spoke to him and there stood Simple Simon.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### SIMPLE SIMON

"You mean the Pig That Had Roast Beef and The Pig That Got None?" asked Hutch.

"No, I don't," said Simple Simon. "I mean Little Jack Horner who had a whole pie for himself, and I, myself, who can't get one because I haven't any penny."

"That's because you are simple," said Hutch.

"Well, if you're so smart," said Simple Simon, "perhaps you can tell me how I can get a pie."

"That I can," said Hutch.

"How?" asked Simple Simon.

"Do you remember the Crooked Man who lived in the crooked house beside the crooked stile?" asked Hutch.

"Yes," said Simple Simon.

"Well," said Hutch, "beside the crooked stile he found a crooked sixpence, didn't he?"

"Yes, I remember," said Simple Simon.

"Well, if I were you," said Hutch, "I'd look around the stile till I found another crooked sixpence and then I'd go to the pieman and buy six pies."

"Yes," said Simple Simon. "But they'd be crooked pies, wouldn't they?"

"Well, even if they were," said Hutch, "a crooked pie is better than none, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is," said Simple Simon.

"You must be satisfied with what you have," said Hutch.

"How can I be satisfied, if I haven't anything to be satisfied with?" said Simple Simon.



## SIMPLE SIMON

“And if you haven’t any penny to buy a pie with,” said Hutch, “you can be satisfied with something else, can’t you?”

“What for instance?” asked Simple Simon.

“There are many things in the world beside pie,” said Hutch. “But the trouble with you is that you want pie and won’t be satisfied with anything else.”

“Maybe you’re right,” said Simple Simon.

“Did you ever hear the story of the Maltese cat?” asked Hutch.

“No,” said Simple Simon.

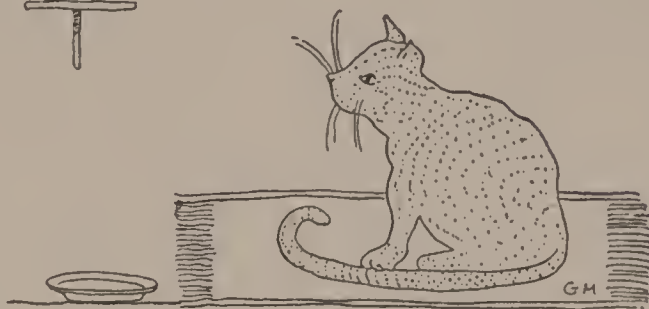
“Well, I will tell it to you,” said Hutch.

So they sat in the road and Hutch began:

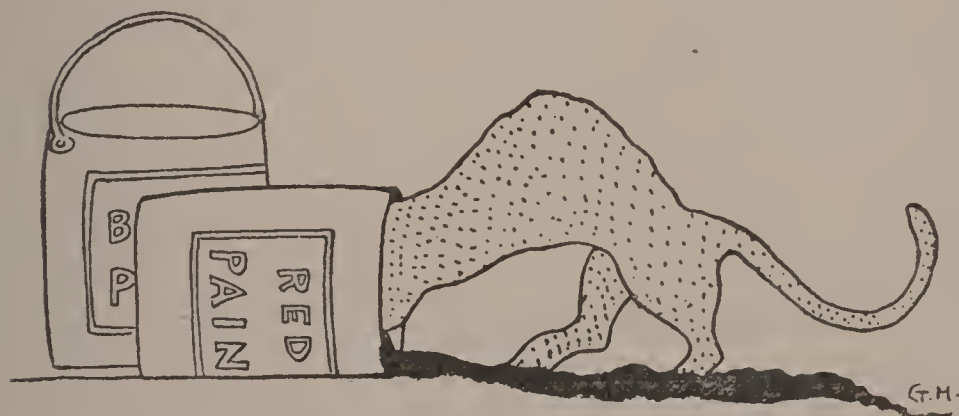
“A friend of mine, a Maltese  
cat,

Once sat upon a cosy mat,  
And saw way up above her  
head

A china cat, striped blue and  
red.



*“A friend of mine, a Maltese cat  
Once sat upon a cosy mat.”*



*“ ‘I’ll get some paint and stripe myself  
To look like her upon the shelf.’ ”*

“Said she: ‘I’d love  
to look that gay,  
I’m tired of wearing  
modest gray,  
I’ll get some paint  
and stripe myself  
To look like her  
upon the shelf.’”

“She got two pots, one red, one blue,  
She thought that was the thing to do,  
Then spilled them out upon the floor  
And drank until there was no more.

## KING KURIOSITY

“You’ve guessed the rest, as like as not,  
She went to heaven, like a shot.  
‘I may be dull outside,’ she cried,  
‘But I am beautiful inside’.”



“‘I may be dull outside,’ she cried,  
‘But I am beautiful inside.’”

“You see,” said Hutch,  
“she wasn’t satisfied with  
what she looked like. She  
wanted stripes and drank  
the paint.”

“I under-  
stand,” said  
Simple Simon.

“Thank goodness for that,” said Hutch.

“For what?” asked Simple Simon.

“That you understand,” said Hutch. “But I don’t  
think you understand at all.”

“Yes, I do,” said Simple Simon.

“Tell me then,” said Hutch.

And Simple Simon said:

“The reason why the malty cat drank the paint is because  
she wanted to be beautiful inside of her.”

And Hutch was so surprised that Simple Simon should  
say anything so true that he almost fell over backwards.

“That’s one of the best things I’ve ever heard,” said Hutch.  
“Lots and lots of people are ugly on the outside. Their  
eyes and their noses and their ears and everything about  
them are not beautiful, but somehow you love them very  
much, because on the inside, they are very beautiful.”

Simple Simon laughed.

“How can you see their insides?” he asked.

“By the way they act,” said Hutch. “They are kind  
and unselfish and that makes them beautiful inside and you

## SIMPLE SIMON

can see it in their faces even though they are not pretty.”

“And is that what the malty cat did?” asked Simple Simon.

“No,” said Hutch. “She was a silly cat who wanted to look beautiful on the outside and she thought that if she drank some red and blue paint, it would make beautiful colors on her fur.”

“I see,” said Simple Simon. “What she should have done was to be kind and unselfish on the inside and then she would have been beautiful on the outside.”

“That’s it,” said Hutch. “You’re not as simple as your name.”

“I know something more,” said Simple Simon.

“And what’s that?” asked Hutch.

“Beauty on the inside is better than beauty on the outside because it lasts longer,” said he.

“You’re a smart lad,” said Hutch.



## CHAPTER NINE

### THE MOUSE THAT RAN UP THE CLOCK

Early the next morning Hutch was up and dressed and down and out in the warm sunshine, and there he found Simple Simon sitting on the doorstep.

“Well,” said Hutch, “did you find the crooked sixpence?”

“No,” said Simple Simon. “I looked and I looked. I guess there was only one sixpence there.”

“Too bad,” said Hutch. “Better forget all about the pie and try for a piece of cake or bread and jam. They’re good, too, you know.”

“No, I’m a pie eater,” said Simple Simon. “I guess I was born that way. Birds eat worms and fish eat worms and men eat fish and lions eat men, and so on and so on, and I’m a pie eater and I must go and find the pieman and see if I can get a pie out of him without any penny.” And away he went down the road singing:

“Will someone please to tell me why  
I must always want a pie?  
Why can’t I change my mind and take  
A cookie or a piece of cake?”

And Hutch wondered why people must always want the things they can’t have and make themselves unhappy about it.

“Well, well, well,” said a voice behind him and looking, Hutch saw old King Kuriosity standing in the doorway:

“Good morning to you, Master Hutch,  
I love this morning very much.”



## THE MOUSE THAT RAN UP THE CLOCK

And he laughed:

“I’m beginning to talk in rhyme myself like all these people here in Rhymeland,” said he. “Try it yourself, Hutch, my lad.”

“I don’t think I can,” said Hutch. “I’ve never made a rhyme in all my life.

“You know it takes a lot of time  
To learn to talk or make a rhyme.”

“There, you’ve done it,” said the King. “But come, we must be off. Do you know where we are going today?”

Hutch didn’t know, of course, but he knew that the King loved him to ask questions, so he asked:

“Where?”

“We are going to see Hickory Dickory Dock, the Mouse Ran Up the Clock,” said he, “and at last we shall be able to tell why he did it. Mother Goose has told me where he lives. So come along.”

So they walked along till they came to a fork in the road.

“This is the fork in the road she told me about,” said King Kuriosity.

Hutch didn’t see any fork in the road, but he was too polite to argue with the King about it. But again he thought that the King would like him to ask questions, so he asked politely:

“Who put the fork in the road?”

And the King didn’t know any more than Hutch what a fork in the road was, so he said: “It was dropped there by the Dish That Ran Away With the Spoon.”

“I see,” said Hutch.

And soon they came to the house where the mouse Hickory Dickory Dock lived, and there he was sitting on his porch

## KING KURIOSITY

sunning himself. And the King took off his golden crown and said:

“Good morning, Mr. Hickory!”

And the mouse said he was pleased to meet the King, and so forth. And when they were through introducing one another the King said:

“Now, Mr. Hickory, I’d like to know why you ran up the clock and down again when it struck one.”

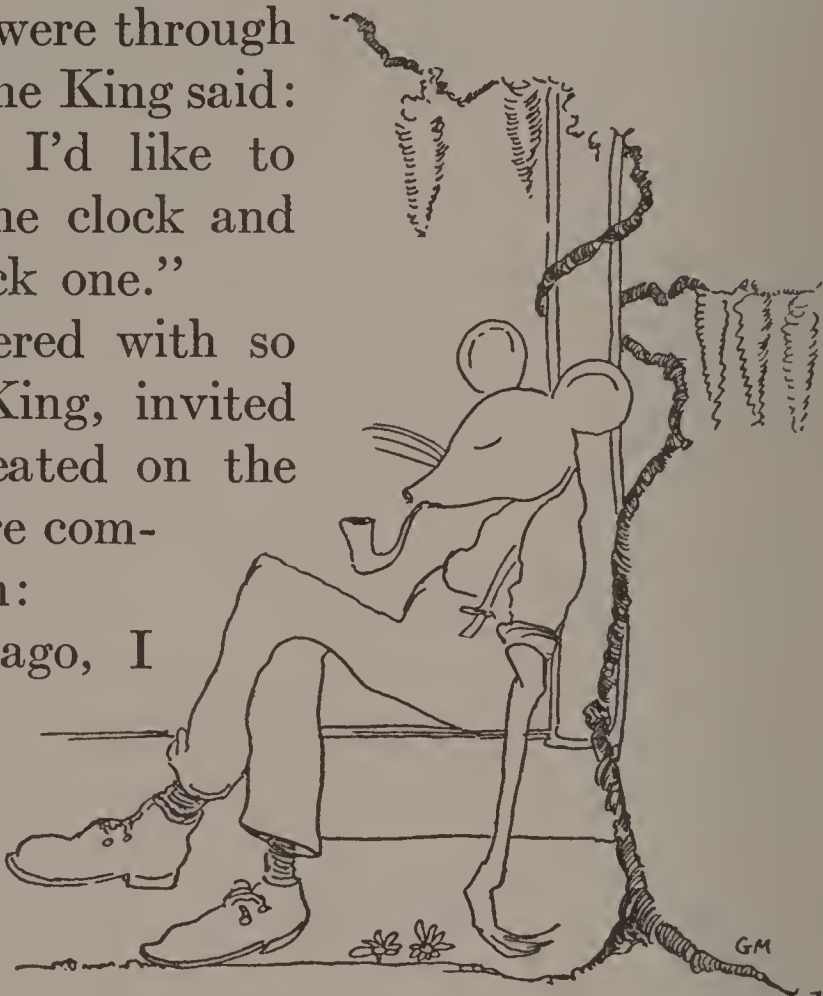
And the mouse, flattered with so much attention from a King, invited him and Hutch to be seated on the porch, and, when they were comfortable, the mouse began:

Not so many years ago, I had a wife and a great many children, at least a dozen and maybe more, and we lived in the cellar of a house and it was a very poor place to bring up a lot of children, indeed, for they were always getting sick, and were very pale and thin.

Indeed, they were very miserable.

One of the children was always down with something or other. If it wasn’t the measles, it was the whooping cough, which is much more dangerous than anything else a mouse can have, as you may know, for coughing makes so much noise the cat is bound to hear it and then a mouse’s life isn’t worth the holes in a Swiss cheese.

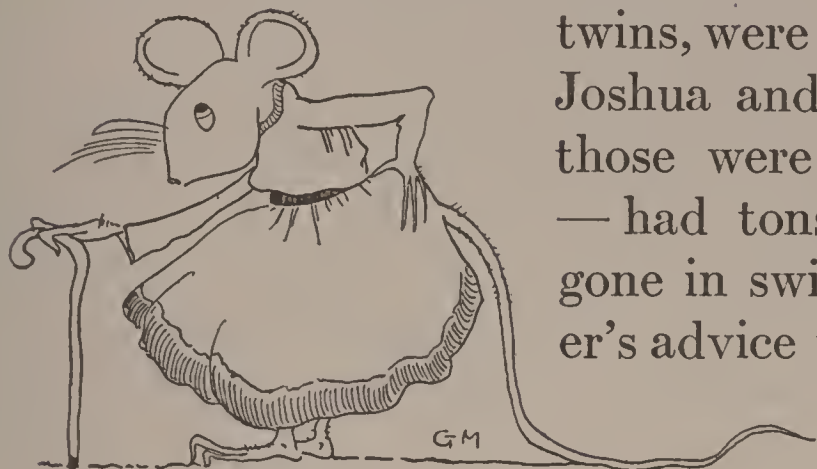
So, one day when the sun was shining brightly outdoors, and it was very dark and cold in the cellar, and my wife, her-



*There he was sitting on his porch sunning himself.*

## THE MOUSE THAT RAN UP THE CLOCK

self, had a touch of lumbago, and Nellie and Arabella, the twins, were down with the mumps, and Joshua and Theodore and Wallace — those were the three youngest boys — had tonsillitis, because they had gone in swimming against their mother's advice to stay out of the water till



*My wife, herself, had a touch of lumbago.*

it got warmer — well, as I was saying, I went out to see if I couldn't find a more comfortable apartment for my family to live in.

I crawled along the ceiling of the cellar and soon found a hole that my family had taken turns making into the dining room upstairs, which was a nice, sunny room.

And as I stood in the dining room a moment by the sideboard, which covered the hole, I saw little Jack Horner, and he was sitting in the corner at the dining-room table, eating a Christmas-pie.

"I'd like to be a little boy," said I to myself, as the pie disappeared behind his appetite. "Boys always have plenty to eat, and no cats or people to chase them or set traps for them. Dear me, I'd just love to be a boy."

Well, I watched Jack Horner put the Christmas-pie away, and I was very well pleased to notice that he couldn't eat all of it — though he tried his best to do so.

And when he had eaten as much of it as he could, he slid off his chair and went away.

As soon as he had gone, I came out from my hiding place



*Nellie and Arabella, the twins, were down with the mumps.*



## KING KURIOSITY

and climbed up the chair and out on the table where I sat and finished the pie.

“My — my,” said I,  
“That’s awful good pie.”  
“Excuse me,” said he,  
“In Rhymeland  
You understand,  
We talk in rhyme  
Most of the time.”

Then I turned and saw to my delight that there was a piece of cake alongside where the pie had been, and this I ate also, till every crumb was gone:

Land’s sake, land’s sake,  
That’s awful good cake.

Said I, “This is indeed a very lucky day for me.”

And being a very polite mouse, I thought I ought to thank someone for being so good to me. But no one was about.

“Ah, ha,” thought I, “I have it. I’ll leave a note for them.”

So I dipped my tail in the red juice that was left over on the plate from the Christmas-pie and taking my tail in hand, as you may say, I wrote on the tablecloth:



*I dipped my tail in the red juice and I  
wrote on the tablecloth*

“I am a mouse  
In your house,  
I am a grateful chap.  
But I won’t eat  
The cheese and meat  
You put into a trap.  
Instead, I take  
Your pie and cake  
And, though I play you pranks,  
I’ll never fail,



## THE MOUSE THAT RAN UP THE CLOCK

While I've my tail,  
To write a word of thanks.  
But please be kind  
And try to find  
For us a nicer house,  
Or we must leave  
At once — believe .  
Yours truly,  
Mr. Mouse."

Now, over in the corner of the room, there was a great grandfather's clock — that stood up as high as the ceiling and a very beautiful clock it was indeed, and just as I had finished my letter and was looking about for a blotter, the chimes of the great grandfather's clock began to ring.

## CHAPTER TEN

### AND RAN DOWN AGAIN

“Well, well, well, of all things,” said I, “isn’t that beautiful?” and sitting down on my knees like a good little mouse, I listened till the chimes had stopped.

“How lovely it would be,” thought I, “if we could live near a church and bring up the children in so refined a neighborhood,” and I got up and dusted my trousers.

And then a wonderful thought struck me.

“Why not kill two cats with the same stone?” thought I. “Why not live in a church that is so near to the dining room? In this way we could keep body and soul together as you may say.”

So saying, I turned around, swung out my tail behind me and hurried back to tell the little wife all about it.

When I reached the cellar and found Mrs. Mouse and six of the children in bed, as you may say, you may be sure my mind was made up.

“Come, come, my love,” said I, “I’ve found the most wonderful place to live in. It’s a church with beautiful music, and it’s in a beautiful neighborhood, with beautiful food and every convenience.”

And when I had told them about the Christmas-pie and the cake and the soft carpet on the dining room floor where the children could play in their bare feet to their heart’s content without catching cold, I helped Mrs. Mouse to get up out of bed and dress the children and before you could say “Cheese” we were on our way, very carefully creeping along by the walls, ready to scatter, should the cat waylay us.

## AND RAN DOWN AGAIN

But the cat had been out late the night before, singing duets with a friend of hers on the back fence, and was so tired that she had to sleep all morning.

And in due time, my wife and the children and I arrived in the dining room, and so we walked across the floor on the soft carpet, and when Mrs. Mouse saw the great grandfather's clock, it looked so elegant to her that she could not believe that we were really to live in it.

"It's as wonderful as King Cole's palace," said my wife, tossing her head proudly, "and I hope the children will not disgrace us before our new neighbors."

"Come, come," said I, "the children are all right. No better children ever lived than ours."



*We walked across the floor on the soft carpet.*

So we walked into the clock by the basement door — as you may say — and looked about.

"I must be high up, where the air is pure," said the wife.

"Nothing is too pure for you, my love," said I, gallantly.

So we climbed up the pendulum one by one till we reached a shelf at the top, but it was a hard climb and we were all out of breath.

"It is cool and healthy here," said Mrs. Mouse, when she could speak.

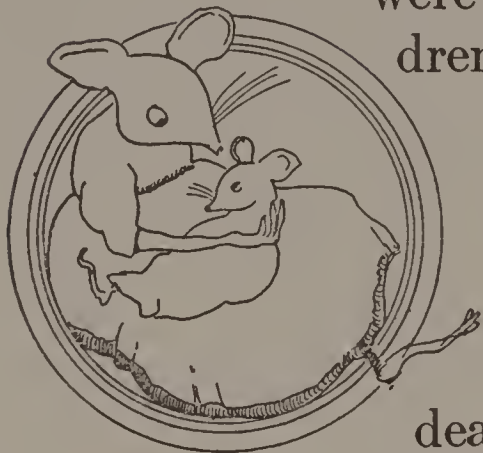
"It's light and airy, and a great improvement on that dingy cellar," said I, still puffing, for I had eaten a hearty meal of Christmas-pie, as you may remember.

"Already I see the roses coming back into our dear little children's cheeks," said Mrs. Mouse.



## KING KURIOSITY

By this time we were all seated, Mrs. Mouse, herself, in one of the springs, rocking herself back and forth as if she were in a rocking-chair and one of the children in her lap.



*Mrs. Mouse, herself, in one of the springs, rocking herself back and forth.*

“This is very fine,” said she, stretching herself cosily.

And just then the clock struck one.

“Hello,” said Mrs. Mouse to me.

“There’s the door bell. Run down, my dear, like a good husband, and see who it is that may be calling upon us.”

You will remember that I had just come up and was still out of breath.

“Can’t we send one of the children?” I asked.

“They’re too young,” said the wife, “besides, it might be the cat.”

So, being a dutiful husband, I ran down the clock.

But there was no one at the door, no matter which way I looked.

So up the clock again, I ran, tired with all my running.

“Well, and who was it?” asked Mrs. Mouse, who at the moment was brushing baby Lullie’s hair.

“It wasn’t any one as I could see,” said I as best I could without any breath.

“That’s funny,” said Mrs. Mouse, with a mouthful of hairpins.

“Maybe it is, and maybe it isn’t,” said I. “It’s as you look at it. But I don’t see any fun running up and down stairs. Never did. Besides it’s bad for my heart.”

Just then the clock struck again.

“There’s the door bell again, dearie,” said Mrs. Mouse.

“I heard it,” said I, though I didn’t make a move to answer it.



## AND RAN DOWN AGAIN

“Well, why don’t you run down and see who it is?” said Mrs. Mouse, sweetly.

I have always been proud to say that I never lose my temper.

“If I run down that pendulum again,” said I, very quietly, “I won’t run up again.”

Mrs. Mouse never spoke when she saw me angry. I’ll say that for her. So she waited a minute, then said ever so gently:

“I didn’t find this house.”

“I know you didn’t,” said I. “But I didn’t think the door bell was going to ring every minute. I think we had better go back to the cellar where there are no bells.”

“Never!” said Mrs. Mouse. “The children must have light and air. Baby Lullie is improved already,” and she patted her hands affectionately.

Well, I sat down to think. I knew my wife was right about its being good for the children, but I was sure I couldn’t run up and down stairs all day. But what was I to do?

With that the clock struck again.

This was too much, so I arose and, as the head of my family, addressed my wife with great politeness.

I said to her:

“You and the children, my love, can live up here and I’ll go back and live in the cellar where I can get some peace. And I’ll run out to see you and the children week-ends.”

“Suit yourself,” said the Missus, “you men usually do anyhow,” and that was the way of it.

She lived with the children in the great grandfather’s clock for many and many a happy year, and I went back to the cellar, running out a Saturday till Monday morning, to spend with her and the children.

## KING KURIOSITY

“Your story has pleased me greatly,” said King Kuriosity, “and I’m sure I’m obliged to you.”

“You haven’t a bit of cheese about your person?” asked Mr. Mouse.

“Not so much as a crumb,” said the King, sadly.

“No harm done,” said Mr. Mouse. “The next time you pass this way, perhaps?”

“I’ll bring a whole cheese,” said the King.

“A long life to you,” said Mr. Mouse, bowing politely.

“And nine short ones to all the cats in the world,” said King Kuriosity.

And taking off his crown the King walked off, followed by Hutch.

And as they walked along the road, Hutch was deep in thought.

“A penny for your thoughts, Hutch,” said the King.

“I was thinking how much mice are like men,” said Hutch.

“Not all men,” said the King.

“No, only *some* men,” said Hutch.

And they walked along a little farther.

“What’s that you’re saying to yourself?” asked King Kuriosity.

And Hutch said:

“Mice and men, men and mice  
Think they treat their families nice,  
When they only see them now and then.  
What funny things are mice and men.”

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

Late one morning, King Kuriosity and Hutch were riding along the road on two of the King's horses that couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again. The horses were very nice



*King Kuriosity and Hutch were riding along the road.*

horses just the same, and it wasn't their fault really, if Humpty Dumpty couldn't be put back in his shell.

The King's crown was perched high up on his head, and his wig was floating out in the warm summer breeze behind him like a flag, and Hutch was humming softly to himself.

Then, Hutch stopped singing and said:

"There's something I have always wanted to know."

"And what's that?" asked King Kuriosity.



## KING KURIOSITY

“Why all the King’s horses and all the King’s men couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty together again,” said Hutch.

“That,” said one of the King’s horses who had heard them talking, “was because he was spilled out on the ground, and nothing in all the world could ever put him together again.”

“I know what would have done it,” said Hutch.

“What?” asked the King’s horse.

“A sponge,” said Hutch.

At this the King’s horses got to giggling so they almost spilled Hutch and King Kuriosity off their backs.

And when they had finished their laughter, one of the King’s horses said:

“Speaking of Humpty Dumpty reminds me of a dorg I once knew who nearly had the same thing happen to ‘im.”

You see he was an English horse that had been a cab horse in London, and he talked what is called cockney. Not a Cock Horse, but a Cockney Horse.

“And how did that happen to him whatever did happen to him?” asked King Kuriosity.

“If you don’t mind sad stories,” said the King’s horse, “I’ll tell it to you.”

“I’m sure we’d love to hear it,” said Hutch.

“Very well, then,” said the horse.



*“I knew a little dorg named Dan.”*

And when he had neighed once or twice to clear his throat, he began:

“I knew a little dorg named  
Dan,

A good dorg in his way.

He were a faithful animal

Like our old friend Dorg

Tray.



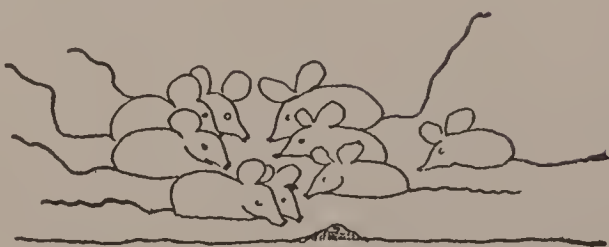
## THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

He sat all day upon the street,  
You'd think that he could talk,  
But Dan he never said a word,  
'Cause he were made of chalk.

"He wore a smile upon his face,  
Of course 'twas painted there.  
And great big spots of yeller paint  
That looked like yeller hair.  
He never barked, he never snapped,  
He never snarled, nor bit,  
And 'cause he never et raw meat,  
He never throwed a fit.

"One day a kind old lady passed,  
And Daniel looked so nice  
She bought him, 'cause she thought that he  
Would scare away her mice.  
She put him in the pantry where  
The mice would sport and play,  
And then she locked the pantry up  
And lef' Dan there all day.

"She heard a lotta noise that night,  
And when the sun was up  
She dressed herself and  
hurried down  
To feed her darling pup.  
But Dan was nowhere to  
be seen,  
Her heart it nearly bust.  
The mice had et him up except  
A lil' pile o' dust."



*"The mice had et him up except  
A lil' pile o' dust."*

## KING KURIOSITY

"That's a pretty sad story," said King Kuriosity, wiping the tears from off the end of his nose where they had trickled.

"Life is sometimes a sad game to play," said the horse.

And pretty soon they came to a boy and he was walking along the road very slowly indeed. So Hutch and the King drew up their horses and asked the boy who he was.

"I'm the Ten O'clock Scholar who used to come at ten o'clock, but who now comes at noon," said he.

"And what makes you go to school so late?" asked King Kuriosity.

"I'll tell you," said the Ten O'clock Scholar. "If everybody was on time there'd be too many people all at once, and the world would be lumpy. Everybody would be on the road at the same time and nobody could get anywhere."

"That's a very strange idea," said King Kuriosity.

"But a very good one," said the Ten O'clock Scholar.

"I don't see that at all," said King Kuriosity. "Did you ever hear that it is the early bird that catches the worm?"

"That's all right for the early bird," said the Ten O'clock Scholar. "But it's pretty hard on the worm. Now if the worm had been late, he wouldn't have been caught by the early bird, would he?"

The King thought for a while, then said:

"Yes, he'd have been caught by a late bird."

Then it was the Ten O'clock Scholar's turn to do a bit of thinking.

"Yes, I suppose you're right," said he. "But after all worms are meant to be eaten by birds, early or late, that's their meat."

"I see you're a scholar," said the King, "whether you're early or late. Yes, worms are meant to be eaten by birds, and boys must go to school."

"And men must work," said the Ten O'clock Scholar.

## THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

"And horses must carry Kings," said one of the King's horses.

"Everybody must do something," said Hutch, "or nothing would ever be done."

"That's just it," said the Ten O'clock Scholar. "If worms have got to be eaten, the early birds would eat them all and get sick and early scholars would learn all the lessons and get headaches and the early workmen would do all the hard work and get all tired out, and by this time along would come the late birds and the late scholars, and the late workmen, and find all the work done and everything as nice as pie . . . nothing to do but have a good time . . . all the worms eaten, all the lessons learned, and all the work done. Don't you see that it is better to be a late bird or scholar or workman?"

The King thought for a moment, then he said:

"That's all very well, but how about all the nice things to do?"

"What nice things do you mean," asked the Ten O'clock Scholar.

"The rewards," said King Kuriosity. "Playing and eating ice cream and all that. All the playthings would be used by the early boys, all the ice cream eaten by the early children, all the best beds would be slept in by the early sleepers and . . ."

"I never thought of that," said the Ten O'clock Scholar.

"You'd better," said King Kuriosity.

"I will," said the Ten O'clock Scholar, and he started off on a run for the schoolhouse.

"I guess he won't be late any more," said Hutch, and he and King Kuriosity trotted their horses down the road.



## CHAPTER TWELVE

### THE SPIDER AND MISS MUFFET

Old King Kuriosity and Hutch were sitting up in bed one morning, waiting for their breakfast. Mother Goose always sent it up to them on two trays. Hutch would much rather have gone downstairs to eat his, like any other boy. But old King Kuriosity had royal habits, and so he had to have his breakfast brought up to his room.

“You see,” said he to Hutch, “I don’t like to eat in bed. It gets crumbs on the sheets, and I don’t know anything more uncomfortable to sleep on than toast crumbs, except it’s thumbtacks — or broken glass. When I was a little boy prince, I had an idea that I would love to sleep in a bed of roses. Lots of poets write about such things. Did you ever sleep in a bed of roses, Hutch?”

“No,” said Hutch, “I haven’t, but I think it would be perfectly lovely.”

“No such thing,” said the King. “I did it and it took months to pull the thorns out. The trouble with most kings is that they have to put on a lot of style that isn’t comfortable. As a matter of fact crowns are not as soft on the head as a good felt hat. But once you’re a king you’ve got to wear a crown or your people wouldn’t know which was the king and which the village pump . . . and that’s really why I wear a crown. Then again crowns are uncomfortable for other people. Now I wouldn’t mind in the least if a fat lady sat on my soft felt hat, but think of her sitting on my crown. It hurts me to think how much it would hurt her.”

“Rather,” said Hutch.

“Well, that’s the way it is with kings,” said King Kurios-



## THE SPIDER AND MISS MUFFET

ity. “And that’s why I have to have my breakfast in bed.”

Just then there was a knock at the door and King Kuriosity called “Come in,” and in walked the Gander with the two trays.

“Good morning to your Majesty,” said the Gander, “and here is your breakfast,” and he set the two trays on the bed and making a pretty courtesy he backed out of the room.

“What are these?” asked Hutch, as he examined the food.

“Curds and whey,” said King Kuriosity.

“That’s the stuff Miss Muffet was eating when the spider frightened her away,” said Hutch.

“And I am the very spider,” said a voice from the tray.

And sure enough, out from under a plate, crawled Mr. Spider himself.

“And how did you get here?” asked Hutch.

“Well,” said the Spider, “I wanted to see King Kuriosity and I knew he couldn’t call on me, so here I am.”

“I’m very glad you came,” said King Kuriosity. “I wish I could offer you a chair.”

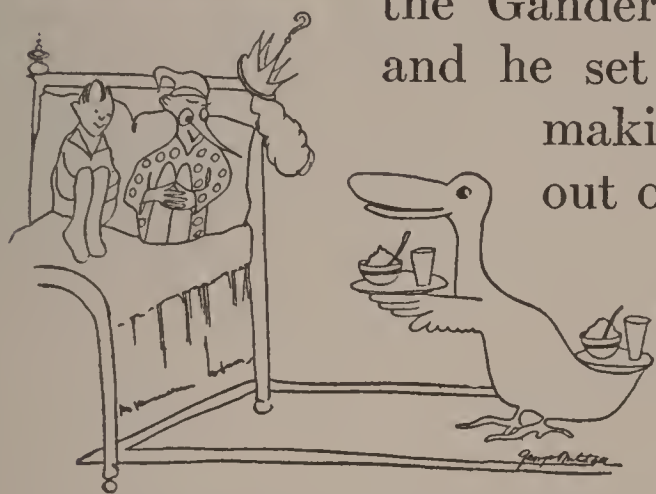
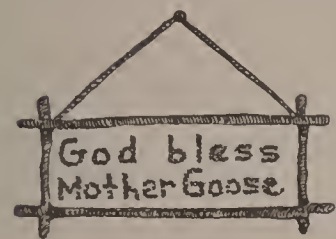
“I never sit,” said the Spider, “but if you will go on with your breakfast, I will tell you the story of my young life.”

And as King Kuriosity and Hutch ate their curds and whey, the Spider told them the following story:

“A Spider is the kind of lad  
Who, as a child, was just born bad.  
So bad indeed, he can’t be good,  
And couldn’t, even if he would.”



“A Spider is the kind of lad  
Who, as a child, was just born  
bad.”



*In walked the Gander with two trays.*

## KING KURIOSITY

Here the Spider, as if ashamed of himself, brushed a tear from the corner of his eye and then began again:

“I’ve often watched nice people act,  
But somehow I ain’t got the knack  
Like Little Boy Blue and Little Bo Peep  
And Mary Contrary and Baa Black Sheep.”

Here the Spider brushed a tear from his other eye.

“You see even my rhyming is bad. I shouldn’t rhyme ‘act’ and ‘knack.’ I shouldn’t use words like ‘ain’t.’ But I can’t seem to help it.”

“Go on with your story,” said King Kuriosity.

“Very well,” said the Spider.

“I’ve even gone down on my knees to pray,  
But I can’t act in a decent way.  
Can I be good like sweet new cider?  
Not at all, I’m a low-down Spider.”

Here he brushed two tears that rolled down out of either eye. Then he said:

“I didn’t want to frighten Miss Muffet,  
But I had a tummy and wanted to stuff it,  
And so when I saw the curds and whey,  
I frightened the poor little darling away.

“As a matter of fact I tried  
to be nice.

‘I’ll be good,’ said I, ‘at any  
price,

No matter what happens, I  
won’t go wrong,’

That’s what I said as I  
crawled along.



*“As a matter of fact, I tried  
to be nice.”*

## THE SPIDER AND MISS MUFFET

“Then something inside of me (maybe an elf),  
Shouted aloud in my ear, ‘Be yourself.’  
And the first thing you knew, there’s no use  
to bluff it,  
I sat down and frightened Little Miss Muffet.”

Here he paused long enough to dry the tears that by this time were rolling down his cheeks like a waterfall.

“Now, I ask you, as Spider to King and boy, what am I to do but just go on in life doing the wrong thing? You don’t know how hard it is for me to have a bad heart. I’m just naturally no good.”

Here he burst out crying as if his heart would break and Hutch and King Kuriosity were so sorry for him, as they listened to his sad, sad story, that they too began to cry into their curds and whey until it made a kind of porridge that wasn’t fit to eat.

“Yours is a very sad story,” said old King Kuriosity, when he could swallow the lump of porridge that stuck in his throat, “and my friend Hutch and I are very sorry for you and we will help you all we can to become a better Spider.”

And the Spider dried his eyes and said:

“That’s very kind of you, to be sure. We spiders have very few friends indeed, and you don’t know how good it is for me to know that somewhere in the wide, wide world there is some one who pities me. I’ll try my best to be better. Indeed I will,” and he looked so good and kind that Hutch almost began to cry again.

But just at that moment a poor little fly lit on the bed and the Spider who had been weaving his web all this time, made a leap and caught the fly around his middle and pulled it into the web in half a jiffy, and before Hutch and King Kuriosity could say “Boo,” the Spider wound himself down



## KING KURIOSITY

to the floor and was off without so much as a "Goodbye, I'm much obliged to have met you," or anything else.

"Did you ever," said Hutch, "after all that talk about trying to be good?"

But old King Kuriosity only shook his head.

"You can't make a bad egg good," said he. "But don't let us be too hard on him. It really isn't his fault. He was born bad and he'll never be anything else. He's just a Spider and he'll never be any better."

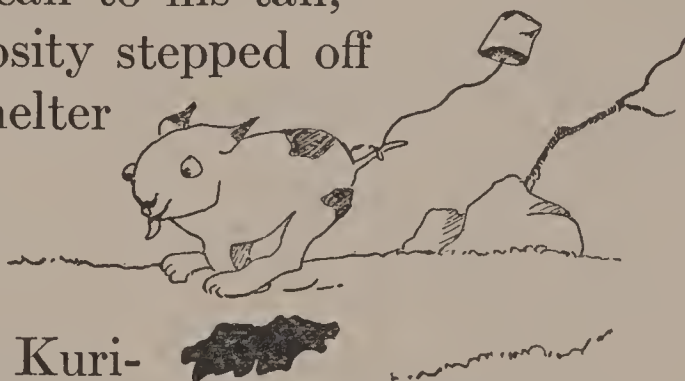


## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### LITTLE TOMMY GREEN

One day King Kuriosity and Hutch were starting out for their afternoon walk. But before they had time to step off the porch of Mother Goose's cottage they heard a great barking, and who should come scampering by but Tommy Tucker's dog: "Bow Wow Wow" and he was as frightened as a dog could be.

"Oh, look," cried Hutch. "There goes Tommy Tucker's dog, and someone's tied a tin can to his tail," and just as he and King Kuriosity stepped off the stoop a boy came running helter skelter around the corner, and he was running so fast he couldn't stop himself in time, but bumped right into old King Kuriosity and Hutch and all three of them went sprawling into the road together.



*He was as frightened as a dog  
could be*

Hutch and little Tommy Green — for that was the little boy who had run so fast around the corner, were upon their feet in a jiffy and had to help old King Kuriosity up on his.

"My wig, — where's my wig?" cried the King, covering his bald head with both hands.

"Here it is," said Hutch, dusting it off and handing it to the King.

"And here's your crown, too, sir," said Tommy Green.

"Well, well, well," said the King, putting on his wig and crown, "and who are you to come knocking people about like a lot of ten pins?"

## KING KURIOSITY

"I'm little Tommy Green," said the boy taking off his cap, "and I'm sorry for bumping you over."

Then he turned to Hutch and said quite roughly: "Why don't you get out of the way?"

"No, no," said the King, "Tommy, you must watch where you are going, never run fast around corners. You can never tell what's on the other side of anything."

And he would have let Tommy Green go, but suddenly thought of Tommy Tucker's dog, "Bow Wow Wow."

"By my whiskers," said he, "I'll bet my wig it was you who tied the tin can to that poor dog's tail."

"Yes, it was," said Tommy Green, with a grin on his face.

"And if I remember rightly," said old King Kuriosity, "it was also you who put poor pussy down the well."

"Right again," said Tommy Green, as proudly as if he had won first prize in spelling.

"But why?" said the King. "Why do you do such things?"

And little Tommy Green sat down and put his finger on his forehead and began to think.

"I don't know why," said he, "I guess it's just to be mischievous."

"But why must you be mischievous?" asked the King.

"Oh, a fellow can't always be a goody, goody," said Tommy. "All the rest of the fellows would call him 'Mother's pet' or 'Sissy.' "

"I guess you're right about that," said old King Kuriosity. "But isn't there some way of being a good boy without being a Sissy? It's so long since I was a boy I've forgotten. Can you tell us, Hutch?"

"Well," said Hutch in his quiet way, "since you ask me, I'll tell you what I think. What Tommy Green says about boys getting into mischief is perfectly right. No boy is a real boy unless he does get into mischief once in a while. But if

## LITTLE TOMMY GREEN

Tommy Green will pardon my saying so, I don't think he understands the difference between being mischievous and playing mean tricks.

"Just as soon as a thing becomes cowardly or harmful to others it is no longer mischief, but just mean. Tommy Green, when you put Poor Pussy down the well, it was cowardly even though you didn't know it, for you are much stronger than Poor Pussy, and besides it was harmful, because if little Johnnie Stout hadn't pulled her out not only would Poor Pussy have been drowned, but it would have spoiled the farmer's well water and nobody would have been able to drink it."

Old King Kuriosity stroked his beard, straightened his wig and nodded his head very wisely.

"I guess you're right," said Tommy Green and he untied the can from Bow Wow Wow's tail and Bow Wow Wow's smile thanked Tommy Green.

"I feel a lot better now that the can is off," said Bow Wow Wow.

"Did the can hurt?" asked King Kuriosity.

"No, it isn't that," said Bow Wow Wow. "It isn't the can that hurts. It's the shame of it. Everybody and every animal laughs at you if you have a can tied to your tail, and nobody likes to be laughed at. It's like a hole in your trousers or a chalk mark on your back. I remember a dog friend of mine that died because all his animal friends laughed at him."

"Tell us about it," said Hutch.

"Very well, I will," said Bow Wow Wow.

"A rubber dog once fell in love  
With a china cat that sat above,  
Upon a shelf above the door  
Of a little toy and candy store.  
And there the dog blinked rubber eyes,



## KING KURIOSITY



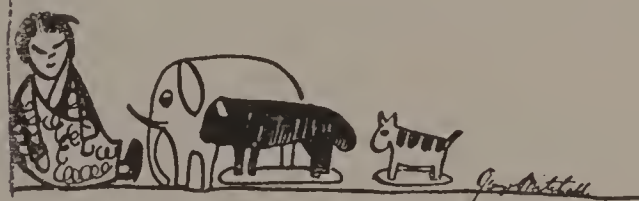
And sighed his gutta percha sighs,  
While the cat looked down  
With a crockery stare  
And a porcelain smile  
That was passing fair.  
And all the animals round about  
At once began to laugh and shout.  
'Baa Baa Baaa,' said the woolly Sheep.  
'Tweet, Tweet, Tweet,' sung the bird.



"Baa Baa Baaa"



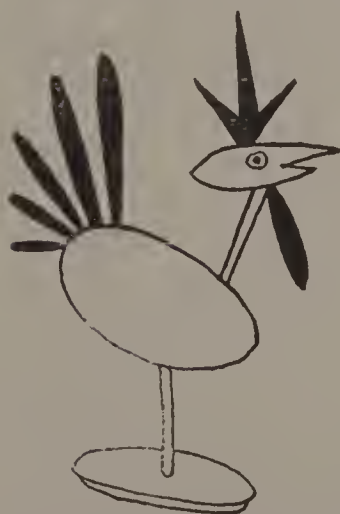
"Tweet, Tweet, Tweet"



"A rubber dog once fell in love"

'Ha, Ha, Ha,' laughed the Jack-in-the-Box.  
'That's the most absurd thing that ever I heard.'

'Cock a doodle doo,' crowed the rooster.



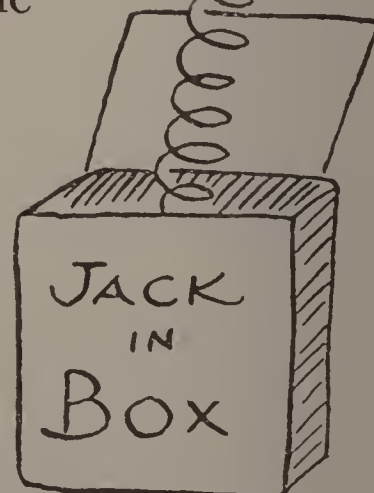
"Cock a doodle doo."



"Maa, Maa, Maa."



"Hoot, hoot."



"Ha, Ha, Ha."



## LITTLE TOMMY GREEN

‘Maa, Maa, Maa,’ said the Kid.  
‘Hoot, hoot,’ howled the owl,  
‘I’m a wise old fowl,  
But a rubber dog and a china cat  
I never have heard to go on like that,  
Hoot, hoot, I’m blessed if I did.’ ”

“Well, that’s too bad,” said King Kuriosity, who was almost in tears for the poor rubber dog. “We really shouldn’t laugh at other people who are in trouble.”

“That’s just it,” said Hutch, “the worst of it is being laughed at.”

“I’ll try to remember,” said little Tommy Green. “And I promise I won’t ever tie a tin can on a dog’s tail again as long as I live or throw a pussy cat down a well.”

And he and Bow Wow Wow trotted down the road the very best of friends.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### OLD KING COLE

One day King Kuriosity got a letter. It was a great big beautiful letter with red seals posted all over it, and red ribbons dangling down as gay as a pair of old suspenders.

“Ha, ha,” said King Kuriosity. “Some very important person has written to me.”

“How do you know that?” asked Hutch.

“Important people,” said King Kuriosity, “always like to look important. They wear important-looking clothes and put on important airs.”

“And wear crowns,” said Hutch, slyly.

“Yes,” said King Kuriosity, “and when they write letters they paste seals on them. Now who, do you think, wrote this letter to me?”

“A king,” said Hutch.

“Right,” said King Kuriosity. “Kings think they are more important than anybody else.”

And he opened the letter, and sure enough it was from King Cole and he read it to Hutch.

“To King Kuriosity —

“My dear Majesty: I’d like very much for you and Hutch to dine with me at half past three.

“Yours truly, King Cole,

“A Merry Old Soul.”

“Shall we go?” asked Hutch.

“We must,” said King Kuriosity. “For when a king asks you to do a thing, you’ve got to do it because kings must

## OLD KING COLE

always be obeyed. Besides, I'd like to see King Cole. There are a lot of questions I want to ask him."

So it was settled that they would go, and after they were dressed in their best they flew over to the palace of King Cole in King Kuriosity's wheelbarrow airplane.

And they sat down to a delicious dinner of chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry ice cream.

And when dinner was over, King Cole called for his pipe and his bowl, and his fiddlers three, and while King Cole smoked his pipe and the three fiddlers fiddled, King Cole and King Kuriosity drank from the bowl.

And Hutch, who didn't smoke or drink, fell asleep.

And pretty soon the two kings got to arguing about which was better: To play or to work all day. And they had a hard time of it between them.

King Cole thought it was right to play and to do nothing else.

"Life was made to be merry in," said he.

And King Kuriosity thought just the other way.

"I tell you," said King Cole, "you're wrong and to prove it to you I'll tell you a story. Did you ever hear of the spider and the frog?"

"No," said King Kuriosity.

"Well," said King Cole, "I'll tell it to you.

"A spider named Ida  
Worked all night and day,  
Because she believed  
It was wicked to play.

"She wove a nice web,  
And she caught lots of flies,  
And she baked them at once  
Into puddings and pies.

## KING KURIOSITY

“ ‘I like to have food  
For the winter,’ she said,  
‘When nice little, fat little  
Flies are all dead.’

“Now old Mr. Frog  
Had been playing all summer,  
Working no harder  
Than any young plumber.

“ ‘I don’t like to work,’  
Grumbled he. ‘If you please,  
I’m the kind of a fellow  
That lives at his ease.’

“And then when the summer  
Gave way to the fall  
He swallowed the spider,  
Pies, puddings and all.

“You see,” said old King Cole, “if you only let other people work for you you won’t have to do any of it yourself. There are lots of people who like to work. Well, what I say is: Let ’em do it. Then all you’ve got to do is to come along like the frog and sit pretty.”

“That’s a funny way to look at things,” said King Kuriosity. “And I don’t think it’s a good plan. Sometimes you may get left. What would the frog have done if the spider hadn’t looked out for the winter?”

“But somebody always will,” said King Cole, laughing merrily.

“I don’t think so,” said King Kuriosity. “Did you ever hear the story of the katydid and the silkworm?”



## OLD KING COLE

“No,” said King Cole. “Tell it to me if you please.”  
And King Kuriosity told him the following story:

“A katydid sat in the shade of a willow,  
Resting her head on a sweet clover pillow.  
‘Katy did, Katy didn’t,’ she sang  
from her clover  
The same silly serenade over and over.

“She sang when the crickets and bull  
frogs would let her.  
The poor stupid thing didn’t know  
any better,  
For none of her friends in the mead-  
ows had told her  
That winter was coming when nights  
would be colder.



“ ‘Katy did, Katy didn’t,’ she  
sang from her clover.”

“And sad to relate when the winter came, freezing,  
Miss Katydid caught a bad cold and her sneezing  
Was all of the song that she sang ’neath the willow.  
She died, so she did, on a snowy white pillow.

“Now, the Silkworm, though only a worm, was more prudent,  
She was a fine architectural student,  
And built her a mansion all woven together  
Which did her quite snugly all through the cold winter.

“Now you see, it doesn’t do to play all the time,” said  
King Kuriosity.

“Your story is no better than mine,” said King Cole.

And the two kings sat and looked at each other and  
neither one of them could tell which was right.

## KING KURIOSITY

But at that moment, Hutch who was only napping, and had heard both their stories, got out of his chair and came over to them.

“Would you like to know which of you is wrong?” he said.

“We would,” said they.

“Both of you are wrong,” said Hutch.

“Why?” asked the two kings.

“The spider was wrong,” said Hutch, “because he was a miser, and took more than he could use, and the frog came along and punished him. The frog was wrong because he was a thief and stole the spider’s flies.

“The katydid was silly because she didn’t see any farther than the end of her nose. The silkworm was wrong because she didn’t get any pleasure out of life, only work, work, work.”

“I suppose,” said King Cole, “there isn’t anybody who is just right all the time.”

“Yes, there is,” said Hutch.

“Then tell us what is the right way to live?” they asked.

“Did you ever hear the story of the paragon?” said Hutch.

“No,” said the two kings, “What is a paragon?”

“Well, I’ll tell you about him,” said Hutch.

“The paragon (though it sounds absurd)

Isn’t an animal, fish or bird,

But rather a mixture of all the three

And perfect as anything ever can be.

“His manners are lovely, he’s always polite,  
He brushes his teeth both morning and night,  
His face and back of his ears are clean,  
He never was known to do anything mean.

“He never is selfish, but shares his toys,  
As nice little boys do with other nice boys.

## OLD KING COLE

He never tracks mud on the carpet or  
rugs,  
Nor fills up the minister's pockets with  
bugs.



“He’s smart with his lessons, the head of his  
school,

Prompt and obedient to every rule.

He does all his duties without a complaint,  
In a nutshell a paragon’s just a young saint.”

*“A paragon’s just  
a young saint.”*

“You mean to say there is such a thing as a paragon?”  
asked King Cole.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen one,” said King Kuriosity.

“Where does he come from?” asked King Cole.

“I don’t know,” said Hutch.

“Then how is it you know so much about him,” asked  
King Cole.

“My mother always speaks about him when I make  
mistakes. She wants me to be like him. She says that if you  
want to be happy you’ve got to be kind to other people. She  
says that’s the only way.”

“Well, maybe she’s right,” said King Cole.

“Maybe she is,” said King Kuriosity.

“Mothers are always right,” said Hutch.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### THIS LITTLE PIG

“Let’s go see the Pig That Went to Market,” said King Kuriosity to Hutch one day, “and ask him why he went there.”

“All right,” said Hutch.

So off they started and came to the pig’s house, which is called a sty.

And there were a lot of pigs grunting around.

And King Kuriosity walked up to them, and taking off his crown, asked politely:

“I wonder if you could tell me where I might find the Pig That Went to Market?”

And the pigs stopped grunting long enough for one of them to say:

“I am the Pig That Went to Market, your Highness.”

“Well, well, well,” said King Kuriosity. “I am pleased to meet you, and this is my friend, Hutch.”

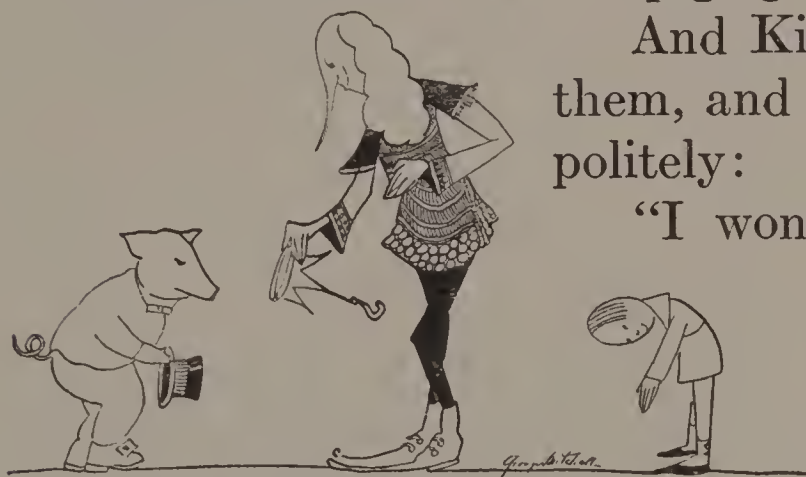
So Hutch shook hands, as you might say, with the Pig.

“And now,” said King Kuriosity, “I’d like you to tell us why you went to market?”

“I’ll be pleased to do so,” said the Pig. “But first come in and have a bite to eat. We are just sitting down to dinner.”

King Kuriosity and Hutch looked at each other and then at the Pig’s dinner.

“No, thank you,” said they, “we have just had our dinner.”



*King Kuriosity walked up to them.*



## THIS LITTLE PIG

"I'm sorry," said the Pig. "But if you don't mind waiting till I'm through. You see it's this way with pigs: if you don't eat while the food is on the ground, and as quickly as you can, there won't be any to eat in a few minutes."

And he went back to his dinner and it's good he did, for it was almost gone in the minute he had taken to talk to them.

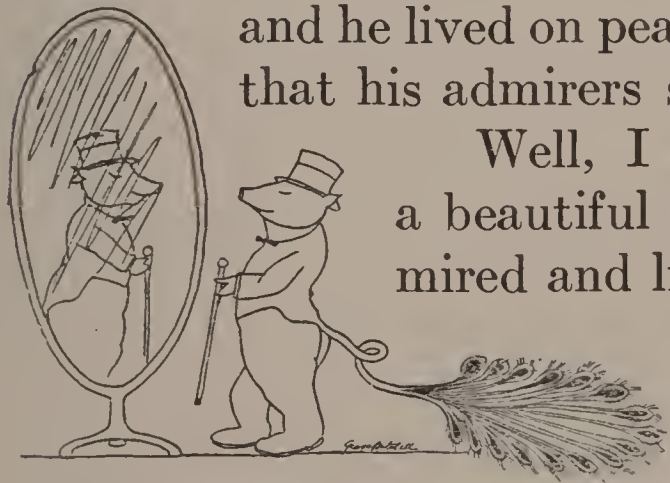
And when he had finished he asked them what they wanted.

"We'd like to know why you went to the market, and what you did when you got there," said King Kuriosity.

"I'll be delighted to tell you," said the Pig. "If you'll be good enough to sit upon the side of the sty, I'll tell you."

So King Kuriosity and Hutch sat on a rail of the fence and the Pig began:

"I remember, once upon a time, when I was a young and foolish pig, my grandfather told me about a pig who had a long, thin dainty tail. A dandy pig he was, and very proud of his beautiful long tail. He was the swell of the neighborhood. Everybody admired him, sent him flowers, and he lived on peaches and cream and strawberries that his admirers sent him.



Well, I got to thinking that if I had a beautiful tail maybe I, too, would be admired and live on strawberries and what not.

And the more I thought of it the more I hated the little curly tail I had. What I wanted was a peacock's tail, for with

as beautiful a tail as that I would be the handsomest pig in the world."

"That's vanity," said the King, putting his golden crown a little farther back on his head, and looking to see its effect in a little mirror he took from his pocket.

## KING KURIOSITY

“Exactly,” said the Pig, “and I learned that vanity often leads one into trouble.”

“So it does,” said the King, still admiring himself in the little mirror. “Look out, Hutch,” said he, “never become vain, for, as our good friend here tells you, it often leads to trouble.”

“I won’t,” said Hutch, smiling to himself as he saw King Kuriosity so pleased with himself.

Then the Pig went on with his story. “Well, I wasn’t satisfied with my own tail, and that is the main point. That’s what got me in trouble.

That was long before the squirrel’s tail was bushy or the possum’s tail was bare, or the rabbit’s tail was only the little bit of a pen-wiper of a tail it is today.

‘Well,’ said I to myself, said I: ‘I’ll go to the market, and there I’ll be able to change my tail for a peacock’s or something a little more stylish than my own.’

So I dressed myself up in my best — a little Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, I think it was, with a white collar and a red necktie and a pair of silver-buckled shoes and a



*I walked down the  
road, swinging my  
cane.*

gold-headed cane and a high silk hat my father wore when he was married to my mother.

And when I was dressed to please myself, I left the house and away I walked down the road, swinging my cane like a fine gentleman with a purse of gold in each of my pockets, till I came to the nearest town and there in the middle of it was a market.

Well, for a long time I stood in the market, for I didn’t know how to get a tail any more than I knew how to wash the face of the moon.

‘Wherever shall I get a tail,’ said I to myself. But the

## THIS LITTLE PIG

more I thought of it the more puzzled I grew till night came and I crawled into a wagon, took off my hat, and went to sleep.

Early in the morning, I was awakened by the cackle of a hen and, rousing myself, I sat up on one elbow and looked about me. There was the hen sitting on the edge of my hat, clucking away at the top of her voice.

Well, you may be sure that I was angry at the way the hen treated my hat. So, jumping to my feet, I shooed the hen away with my gold-headed cane, and, picking up the hat discovered that the hen had laid a nice fresh egg in it.

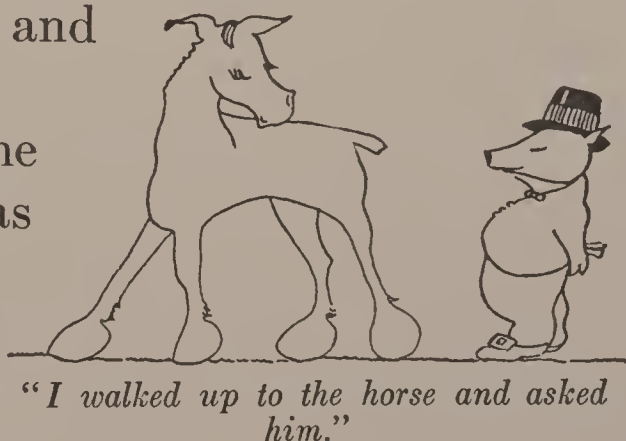
‘Ah, ha,’ said I, ‘there’s good in everything if you can but see it. Here’s my breakfast all ready for me,’ and, cracking the egg, I ate it and, putting on my hat, I jumped to the ground and walked to the market to see if I might find the kind of a tail I wanted. Well, I saw lots of tails, some on birds and some on lambs and cows and what not, but no peacock tail could I see anywhere.

Presently I saw a horse standing close by and he had almost no tail at all.

‘I wonder where the rest of his tail can be?’ said I to myself. ‘I believe I’ll go ask him where he lost it.’

So I walked up to the horse and asked him.

‘My master had it cut off the other day because he said it was always getting caught in the harness or trailing in the mud and he couldn’t be bothered,’ said the horse.



‘And what became of the rest of it?’ I asked him.

‘That I don’t know,’ said the horse, ‘for it was cut off at the doctor’s and I didn’t see.’

‘Do doctors cut off animals’ tails?’ said I.



## KING KURIOSITY

‘Oh, yes,’ said the horse.

‘Do you remember where the doctor lives?’ I asked, for I had an idea that I might go there and see if I could get a peacock tail for myself.

‘No,’ said the horse, ‘my memory is not so good. I only remember my meal times.’

Well I got nothing out of that. But it did set me to thinking: ‘If I could only be a doctor,’ I thought. ‘Maybe I might get a peacock’s tail that way.’



## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### GOES TO MARKET

So I went to the market again and there I rented a little office and nailed a sign on the door, and on the sign I painted:

DR. THOMAS J. PIG, ESQUIRE

Tails Cut Off While You Wait

Painless

Office hours from 3 to 1.

Well, I had no more than nailed the sign on the door when along came a squirrel, hopping down the road, and said I to myself: 'A squirrel's tail is not what I want, but I'll have to fix it for him, I suppose, if he wants me to.'

Well, in came the squirrel, and it seems that he had been poking his nose into a trap which some cruel boys had set in the woods, and the first thing you know had caught his tail and I suppose when he saw my sign, said he to himself, said he:

'I'll see if Dr. Thomas J. Pig can cure me.'

So he walked up to the door and knocked and I said:

'Come in,' and in came the squirrel and he was just about to sit down when he remembered what he came for.

'Doctor,' said he, 'I caught my tail in a trap and I'd like you to take a look at it and fix it for me if you can.'

Well, I put on my specs and looked at the tail and then got out my scissors and things and tried my best to fix it. But I wasn't a doctor at all, as you well know, only I had to make the squirrel think I was, do you see, so I cut and I squeezed and I fussed and I pulled, and before I got through

## KING KURIOSITY

with that squirrel, none of his friends would have known him. His tail was puffed up and swollen and it's never been any different to this day.

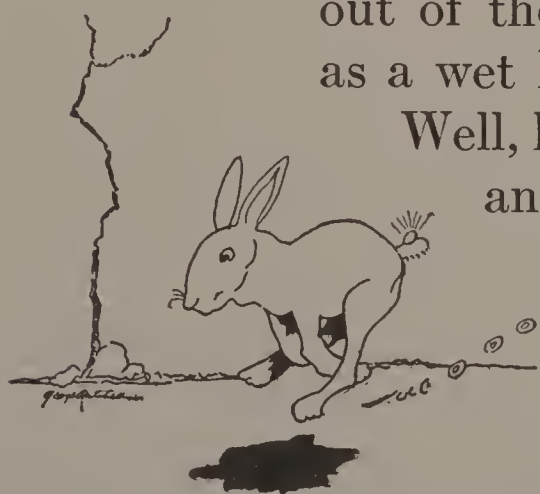
You may be sure that the squirrel was angry, what with the pain and the look of his tail and, when he was able to speak, he was furious. He said that he would go home and tell his people about it and away he went as angry as can be.

Well, no sooner had he gone when a possum came limping down the road and he had caught his tail in the fork of a tree and it hurt him so much that he thought, when he saw my sign, that he would have it fixed. So he knocked on the door and when I called to him to come in, in he came.

Well, I got out my saw and my gimlet and a hammer and got to cutting at it and pulling the fur away and the first thing you know, that possum's tail looked as if the rats had been playing tag with it.

So, when the possum looked at his tail that was once so beautiful and saw that it was as ugly as a stick, he was furious and no mistake.

'I'll tell my parents about you,' he cried, 'and they'll come down here and fix your tail for you,' and he stamped out of the office and away up the road as mad as a wet hen.



*A rabbit bounded down the road.*

Well, he had no more than turned the corner and I had put on my specs to read the morning paper, when a rabbit bounded down the road.

This rabbit had his tail stung by a bee, and when he saw my sign he was very well pleased in spite of the pain in his tail, and he must have said to himself: 'I'll hop in and have the doctor take a look at it.'

## GOES TO MARKET

And he knocked on the door as the squirrel and the possum had done before him and when I let him into the office, he told me what had happened to his tail:

‘I’ve hurt my tail as you may see,  
Thanks to the naughty little bee,  
That grasps each opportunity.’

He was a merry little rabbit you see and had quite a talent for making rhymes, as most of us here in Mother Goose land do.

‘Well, well, well,’ said I, ‘I’ll see what can be done for you. Come here,’ and as the rabbit came to me I thought, ‘It’s funny I can’t get a peacock’s tail. Nothing but squirrels, and possums and rabbits. This isn’t my lucky day.’

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### AND COMES HOME AGAIN

And it wasn't, as you shall presently see.

Well, there was nothing for me to do but to go on with the work, so I began to cut away at the rabbit's tail like a child with a cut-out page or a paper doll, and little by little the tail became shorter and shorter till there wasn't any left of it at all, at all.

Well, if the squirrel and the possum were mad, you should have seen that rabbit when he saw what I had done to his tail:

'You'll hear from my folks this very day,' he shouted. and off he bounded out of the office like a shot and was off down the road three or four jumps at a time.

Now, I didn't really think the squirrel or the possum or the rabbit really meant what they had said about telling their folks. You know how it is with most people. They like to talk a lot when they are angry, but when it comes right down to it they cool off and do no such thing.

But there's where I was all wrong. For when the squirrel's father and mother, uncles and aunts; and the possum's father and mother, uncles and aunts; and the rabbit's enormous family had heard what had happened to their children's tails they must have been pretty much wrought up.

'Who is this Dr. Thomas J. Pig, Esquire, I'd like to know, and what does he mean by treating our children's tails in this outlandish fashion?' they must have said, for all three fathers clapped on their hats and all three mothers



## AND COMES HOME AGAIN

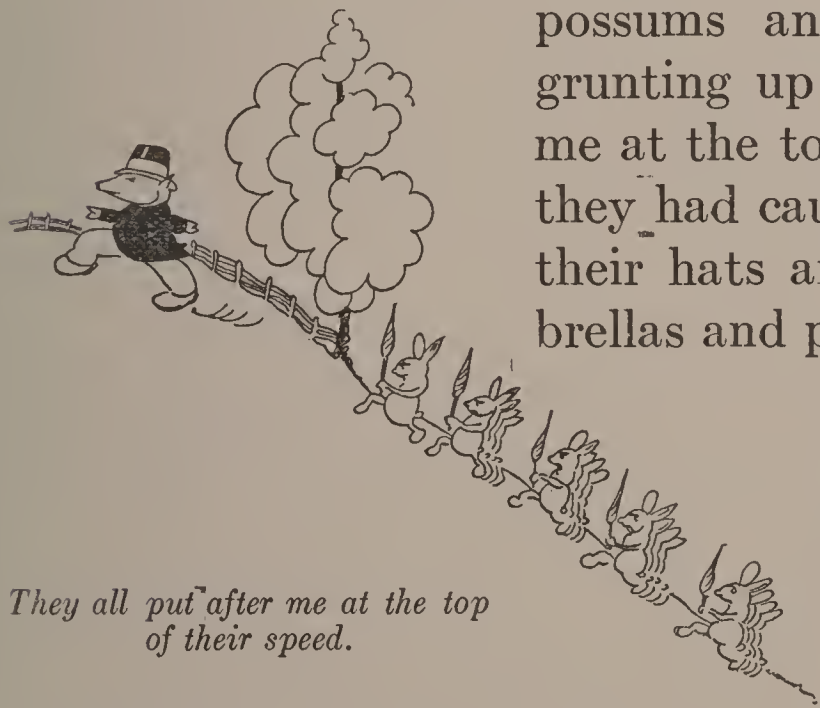
caught up their umbrellas and all their uncles caught up their walking sticks and all their aunts caught up their parasols, and away they all came down the road together in great anger.

Of course, I didn't know what was going on till I happened to look out the window and saw them. They made a great crowd of themselves and waved their hats and their walking sticks and their umbrellas and their parasols and called on me to come out so they might teach me a lesson.

But as I remember, I didn't want to learn a lesson. No, not me. I thought I knew enough.

Be that as it may, I did know enough to slip quietly out the back door and run off as quickly as my short legs would carry me.

But I wasn't fast enough, for when the squirrels and the possums and the rabbits heard me grunting up the hill, they all put after me at the top of their speed, and when they had caught me they beat me with their hats and walking canes and umbrellas and parasols, but what was very



*They all put after me at the top  
of their speed.*

much worse, each of the fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts of each of the squirrels and possums and rabbits took hold of my tail and gave it a

twist till it was all curled up as tight as a watch spring, the way you see it today.

‘And that’s why I went to market. And that’s what I got for my vanity,’” said Thomas Pig, Esquire, “And that’s why I’ve never gone since then and never will again until I

## KING KURIOSITY

go to the butcher's to be sold for bacon and ham and pork and pig's feet."

"Well, well," said Hutch, "it's a very interesting story."

"And one with a very good lesson for every one of us," said King Kuriosity, "only the trouble with most of us is that we think the lesson is for everyone but ourselves."

And he took out his mirror again and looked at himself in it: "Do you know," said he, "I think I'd look a lot better if my hair were red." And Thomas J. Pig, Esquire, and Hutch looked at each other slyly, out of the corner of their eyes.

"Yes, sir," said old King Kuriosity, putting away his mirror. "A very nice story, Mr. Pig, and a very good lesson in it for everybody. Even Hutch, here, if he'll only see it."

So saying, old King Kuriosity turned on his heel and was about to walk away.

"You don't happen to have a dish of strawberries and cream in your pocket, have you?" said Tom Pig.

"Not a strawberry," said old King Kuriosity.

"No harm done," said Tom. "Maybe the next time you pass. . . ."

"I'll buy you a ton of them," said old King Kuriosity.

"A long life to you," said Thomas J. Pig, Esquire.

"And a short one to all butchers," said old King Kuriosity, and with that he and Hutch walked off.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### THREE WISE MEN

One day, as King Kuriosity and Hutch were walking, they wandered down to the beach and there was a great ocean spread out before them.

And on the beach stood a funny-looking little house, and it was very old and almost falling apart.

And on the doorstep sat three old men and they were as old as the house, and almost as rickety.

Their hair was long and white and their beards reached down about to their feet. They were looking out to sea, and they were in deep thought, their elbows resting on their knees, and their first fingers pointing to their foreheads.

“Well, well,” said Hutch, “there’s no use asking who these three men are. It is too easy to guess that they are the Three Wise Men of Gotham.”

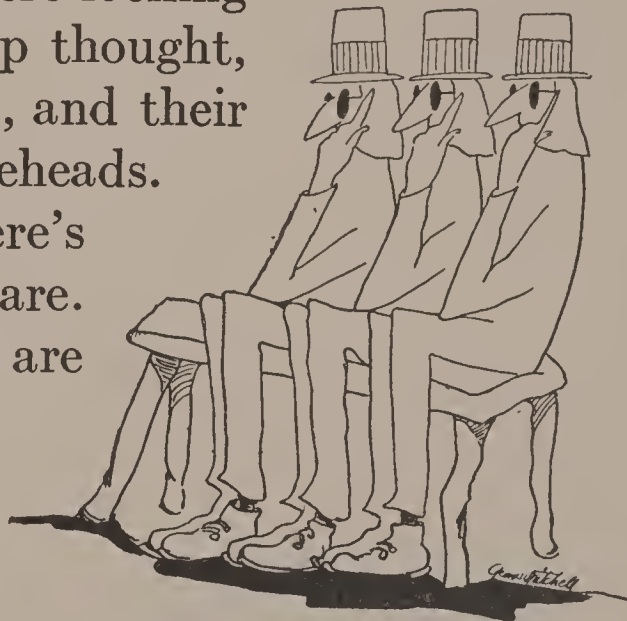
“That’s what I think, too,” said King Kuriosity.

“I’ve always wanted to know why they went to sea in a bowl,” said Hutch. “Shall we ask them?”

“Yes, indeed,” said King Kuriosity.

“It seems to me that it’s a silly thing to go to sea in a bowl, when they might just as well have gone in a boat or a barrel or on a raft,” said Hutch.

“Wouldn’t you think they’d have been wise enough to know that a bowl would crack?” asked King Kuriosity.



*They were in deep thought.*



## KING KURIOSITY

"I don't think they are so wise after all," said Hutch.

"But let's go ask them," said King Kuriosity.

So they walked along the beach till they came to the little house where the Three Wise Men were sitting.

And when they had reached the Three Wise Men, King Kuriosity said:

"Good morning, and are you the Three Wise Men of Gotham?"

"Yes," said the first man.

"We," said the second.

"Are," said the third.

"Why do you speak one after another like that?" asked Hutch, who was surprised they didn't all speak together.

"To," said the first wise man.

"Save," said the second.

"Time," said the third.

"I see," said Hutch. "You are so wise that you save your words."

And the Three Wise Men nodded one after another.

"These men are very wise," said King Kuriosity. "People all talk too much. That's what makes talk cheap. Pearls and diamonds are precious stones because there are so few of them. Nobody wants pebbles because there are so many of them."

And the Three Wise Men nodded.

"We would like very much, if you could spare the time," said King Kuriosity, "to tell us why you went to sea in a bowl."

"So," said the first wise man.

"We," said the second.

"Will," said the third.

"But," said Hutch, "I wish you wouldn't talk one after another that way. My neck hurts looking from one to another. Can't one of you do all the talking?"



## THREE WISE MEN

“Yes,” said the Three Wise Men all together. “We will all talk together.”

“But first I would like to know how you became so wise.” said Hutch.

“We will tell you,” said the Three Wise Men. “To begin with, we are triplets. And when we were born our mother, who wanted us to be the wisest men in the world, put us to bed in a tree. She slung a hammock in its branches. And in that tree lived an owl, who is, as you well know, the wisest of birds. And there we went to school, as you may say, or rather we went to school in the daytime and at night we went to night school with the old owl as our teacher. That’s really why we are so old. You see we never really went to sleep. So we have lived twice as long as anybody else.”

“I see,” said Hutch.

“Would you like to know why the owl is the wisest bird in the world?” asked the Three Wise Men.

“Indeed, we would,” said King Kuriosity.

“Well, we will tell you,” said the Three Wise Men. “It’s because he does a lot of thinking. You take a look at all the other birds and what do you see them doing?”

“They sing,” said Hutch.

“You may say they do,” said the Three Wise Men. “They sing and blessed little else they do, while they might just as well be thinking.”

“But,” said Hutch, “singing does a great deal of good. It makes people happy for one thing.”

“So it does. So it does,” said the Three Wise Men. “But think of the time it takes to do all their singing. Do you know how many birds there are in the world?”

“No, I don’t,” said Hutch.

“Nor I,” said King Kuriosity.

“Well, we’ll tell you,” said the Three Wise Men. “There

## KING KURIOSITY

are so many of them that even we, who can count up to a billion times a trillion, lost count of them and had to give it up. So when you come to count all these birds and count all their songs all day long and some of them all night long, there isn't paper enough in the world to jot it all down. But what we're telling you is that with the exception of a few hoots in the night, the owl doesn't waste any time singing, but goes right on thinking, and that's what makes him so smart."

"I see," said Hutch.

"Did you ever hear the story of the owl and the mocking bird?" asked the Three Wise Men.

"No," said Hutch and King Kuriosity, who had got the habit of talking both together from the Three Wise Men.

"Well, if you don't mind," said The Three Wise Men, "we will tell it to you."

"Go ahead," said Hutch and King Kuriosity.

And the Three Wise Men began:

"On the branch of a tree sat a gay mocking bird  
And he could mock anything he ever heard.  
From the squeal of a rat  
To the meow of a cat,  
He could imitate anything sane or absurd.

"He could cry like a baby or cluck like a hen,  
He could grunt like a couple of pigs in a pen.  
He could bark like a dog,  
Or croak like a frog,  
He could bray like a jackass or tweet like a wren.

"On a neighboring branch in the very same tree  
Lived a very old owl who was wise as could be,  
But although he was cute,

## THREE WISE MEN

He could only say: 'Hoot,'  
Which wasn't amusing, between you and me.

"And most of the daytime and all of the night  
He tried and he practiced with all of his might  
To moo like a cow,  
But he didn't know how,  
For the noise that came out of him never was right.

"And the end of it was that in spite of his pride,  
He only could hoot, though he tried and he tried,  
Which he thought a disgrace  
That an owl couldn't face,  
So he strung himself up by the neck till he died."

And when they had finished telling their story they turned to Hutch and King Kuriosity and said:

"You see, with all its smartness, the owl is not very happy. It doesn't pay to be too smart, for it isn't the smartest people who are the best off in the world."

"I see," said King Kuriosity and Hutch.

"It all comes of wanting to be something you aren't," said the Three Wise Men brushing three tears away with the ends of their beards. "And that's the very thing that happened to us."

"What happened to you?" asked King Kuriosity and Hutch.

"We will tell you," said the Three Wise Men, "and maybe it will be a lesson to you."

"What's it about?" asked King Kuriosity and Hutch.

"It's the story of why we went to sea in a bowl," said the Three Wise Men, "and it goes like this."



## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### GO TO SEA IN A BOWL

Well, to begin with, said the Three Wise Men, you must know that although we are very, very wise, we are also very, very poor.

We live in this poor little house and often we have very little to eat. But our greatest wish always was to see the world. We had never seen Italy or Spain. We wanted to climb the mountains and sail the oceans and see all the wonderful countries, for all we knew we had learned from books and our old teacher, the owl.

So one fine day said we to ourselves, "Let's go to sea."  
"How'll we go?" we asked.

"In a bowl," we answered, for we didn't have the money to buy a boat. So we got a bowl from the kitchen and we carried it down to the seashore and we put it into the water and we got into it and we paddled away with a spoon which we took for an oar.



*We paddled away with a spoon.*

And the sea was smooth and we were very happy.

"Now we'll see the world we know so much about," said we to ourselves.

But soon clouds appeared in the sky and it began to storm and blow and rain and thunder and lighten, and the bowl



## GO TO SEA IN A BOWL

was blown about on the high waves like a peanut shell, and we were very sorry we had left our little cottage.

But the worst of it all was that the bowl was cracked, and the water poured into it and we began to sink, and none of us could swim.

And we weren't smart enough to know how.

And down and down and down we went through the water till we came to the very bottom of the ocean.

"I think we're drowned," said we to ourselves.

"There's not a doubt about it," we answered ourselves.

So we walked along the bottom of the ocean and we came to many strange fish indeed. And one of them was sitting face to face with itself, as you may say upon a great rock, for it had two faces, the extra one where its tail should rightly have been. And it was singing to itself a kind of duet, one face singing a very high, but clear soprano, and the other a deep and touching contralto.

"It's a star fish," said I.

"A sunset fish," said my first brother.

"A comet fish," said my second brother.

"A moonfish," said the fish itself, stopping its song to settle our argument and speaking with both voices in harmony.

"I've never heard of one," said I.

"You're very scarce," said my first brother.

"There are only a few of you," said my second brother.

"I'm the only one," said the moonfish.

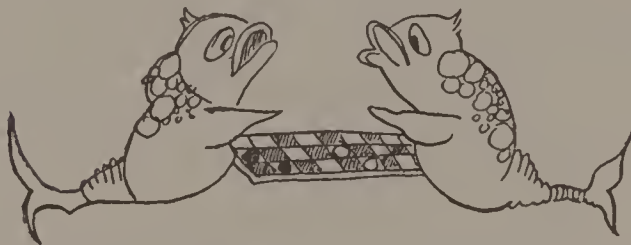
"But we interrupted your singing," said I. "Pray go on."

"Very well, if you wish it," said the moonfish:

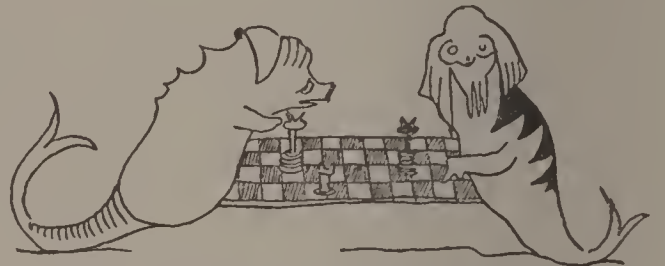
    "Whenever I am feeling sad,  
    I always sing to make me glad,  
    But strange to say  
    Fish swim away,  
    I wonder if my singing's bad?"

## KING KURIOSITY

But we hastened to say that we had never remembered hearing fish sing so beautifully. Whereat the moonfish blushed modestly and clearing its throats, at once began to sing a very pretty ballad which it said was called "Friday," and it went like this:



*The bass and the salmon were playing backgammon.*



*The dogfish were playing at chess.*

### — FRIDAY —

"The bass and the salmon  
Were playing backgammon,  
The dogfish were  
playing at chess,  
The little whitefish  
Was making a wish,  
She wanted to wear  
a new dress.  
The horsefish were  
prancing,  
The starfish were dancing,  
The swordfish were fencing with  
swords.  
And lobsters and eels  
Sat in automobiles  
And rode just as stately as lords."



*The horsefish were prancing.*



*The starfish were dancing.*



*The swordfish were fencing.*

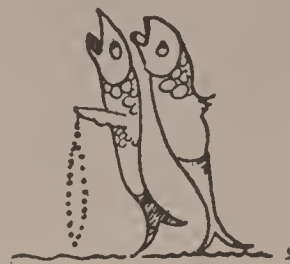


*And lobsters and eels sat in automobiles.*

## GO TO SEA IN A BOWL

When the moonfish had finished the first verse we applauded, and thus encouraged, the moonfish went on with the second:

“The pike and the perch  
Were going to church,  
To pray for a nice rainy day.  
While a jolly old carp  
With a snail for a harp,  
Was teaching his daughter to play.  
Nearby, Mr. Frog,  
With his wife, danced a clog  
Like mad on the top of a leaf.  
And two poor little clams  
Just as quiet as lambs  
Were playing ‘old maid’ on a leaf.”



*The pike and the perch were going to church.*



*Two poor little clams.  
Just as quiet as lambs.*

And the moonfish sang for an encore (for we had applauded very much — a little too much perhaps) a song for which it is said it had written both the words and music. It was called “Shellfish,” and it went like this:

“I know a silly crocodile  
Who says he always wears a smile  
Because it tickles him to eat  
Crabs’ and shrimps’ and lobsters’ feet.”



*A jolly old carp, with a snail for a harp.*



*Nearby, Mr. Frog, with his wife, danced a clog.*



## CHAPTER TWENTY

### THEY MEET MYRTLE

And we thanked the moonfish and wishing it good day, we continued our walk along the bottom of the ocean, and saw many strange and beautiful caves, and in one of them we saw a great chest, and it was full of gold and silver and beautiful jewels.

“Ah, ha,” said I, “it is a Treasure Chest, and if we could only get it up out of here, we would be the richest men in all the world.”

“How’ll we get it up?” said my first brother.

“Let us think,” said my second brother.

So we went into the cave and sat upon the Treasure Chest and putting our fingers to our foreheads, we thought and thought and thought to our hearts’ content, but although we were very wise, we didn’t know how to get the chest up.

And, as we sat thinking, two old crabs came and stood in the doorway, as you may say — and they were enormous.

And the two old crabs looked at the Three Wise Men and then, sitting on their haunches, licked their chops just as a dog does when he is about to chew a bone.

Said one old crab unto his mate:

“I’m hungry for a bite of bait.

There’s just enough meat on those three

To make a meal for you and me.”

You see they intended eating us and we were very much afraid.

To which the other made reply:



## THEY MEET MYRTLE

“It is not meet that you and I  
Eat human flesh. It is a sin,  
Besides, these men are much too thin.”

“Tut, tut, my friend,” said Number One,  
“I say, when all is said and done  
Men never seem to think of that  
When they eat us. It’s tit for tat.”

“Quite so, old dear,” said Number Two,  
“I tell you what I think we’ll do.  
Perhaps this is the proper hunch,  
Let’s eat the three of them for lunch.”

Said Number One, “You are a dunce,  
For I remember reading once,  
That if you would not be a deevil  
You must render good for evil.”

Well, whether they would have eaten us or not we never knew, for at that moment, because we had caught cold, what with the dampness of the ocean, all of us sneezed at one and the same time and the two old crabs were so frightened that they scurried away as fast as their legs would carry them. And we Wise Men knelt down on the floor of the ocean and gave thanks for our escape, saying:

“Our thanks to you, most goodly sneeze  
That scared away our enemies.  
Like all good friends, thou came indeed  
When we, for help, were most in need.  
So let us close our pious eyes  
For he who prays is very wise.”



## KING KURIOSITY

And when our prayer was finished, we arose and wrung the water from our trouser bottoms.

“Now we must find a way to get this Treasure Chest up out of here,” said we.

“Let us think.”

And we thought.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### THEIR TALE HAD BEEN LONGER

And as we thought, a tremendous turtle crept up to the cave and looked in at the doorway, for it was too large to come into the cave.

“Greetings,” said the turtle, “and it’s a strange sight to behold three gentlemen here. I’ve lived many thousand years on the bottom of this old ocean, but in all my born days, I don’t ever remember seeing anybody here before. Tell me how you got here.”

So we told the turtle how it all happened and that now, having had enough of the water, we would like to go home and get dried out.

“We have a feeling that we’d like to get out of here,” said we. “But we seem to think we’d like to take the chest with us, for it is very valuable and we would be very rich.”

“You’re not so very wise after all,” said the turtle, “for I, who am not wise at all, can easily see how it may be done.”

“And how’s that?” asked we.

“Simple enough,” said the turtle.

“Who and what are you?” we asked all of a breath. “And how may we get the Treasure Chest up out of here?”

“My name is Myrtle.”

Said the turtle,

“My age is ninety-one or two.

I weigh a ton,

But I can run

As fast as any one of you.

## KING KURIOSITY

I crawl this floor  
From shore to shore,  
I'm what you call a Jitney Ford.  
So take the chest,  
And leave the rest  
To me; step lively; hop aboard."

"It is very kind of you to offer us such help," said we, and we pulled at the chest till we had it out of the cave. Then we fastened it to one of Myrtle's legs with a bit of chain we found



*We hopped on Myrtle's back and away we went.*

at a nearby shipwreck and when this had been done, we hopped up on Myrtle's back and away we went.

But Myrtle crawled along very slowly in spite of what she had said about being able to run as fast as any one.

"We'll never get out of here at this rate," said we, but we didn't know much after all, for just then a couple of sea horses came along and, as you may say, lent Myrtle a hand.

Well, it wasn't long before we reached the shore, and as we came up out of the ocean upon the beach, you may imagine our surprise when we discovered we were right in front of our



## THEIR TALE HAD BEEN LONGER

own little cottage where we had started from. And Myrtle dragged the Treasure Chest up on the beach.

And we began to think how rich we were with all that treasure.

But instead of being satisfied with dividing it into three equal parts we began to quarrel because each one of us wanted more than our share.

And we came to blows and began to fight.

And we fought and fought and fought till we were all three of us exhausted and could fight no more.

And then we sat down upon the beach to get our breaths and fight again. But to our great surprise we discovered that Myrtle and the Treasure Chest had disappeared.

“Where to?” asked Hutch.

“We never knew,” said the Wise Men. “The only thing we can think of is that although Myrtle was only a stupid turtle, she was wiser than we. For she knew that we would have killed one another for the treasure and she must have thought that the best thing to do would be to take the treasure away from us.

“So she must have crawled away down into the ocean again while we were fighting.

“And that’s the end of my story. And if you are wise, Hutch, you will be satisfied with what you are and what you have, and not quarrel with your brother or your friend for what is his. And no matter how wise you become you will never learn anything more important than that.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

### GOOD-BYE TO MOTHER GOOSE

One day King Kuriosity said to Hutch:

“Hutchie, my lad, I will soon have to leave this very wonderful country and go back to my own people in the land of Whyandwherefore. They will soon begin to wonder what has become of me.”

And Hutch looked sad indeed.

“I, too, will have to go back to my own land of Iz,” said he, “for school will be opening and I shall have to get out my books and begin to study again.”

And King Kuriosity looked sad indeed and there was a tear in his eye when he said:

“I am sorry to hear you say that, my lad, for we have been very good friends, and I shall be very sorry to see the last of you. But maybe you will be able to come with me to the land of Whyandwherefore and pay me a little visit. Indeed, I should be glad to have you come and live with me for the rest of your life.”

“Thank you, King Kuriosity,” said Hutch. “There is nothing I would rather do than be with you. I must get back to school, but I will go with you for a little visit first.”

So it was arranged, and they went to Mother Goose and told her that they must go, and she sat down on her own doorstep and cried and cried.

“If you will only stay here,” said she to King Kuriosity, “I will give you all the land you want, and I will build you a marvelous castle as beautiful as ever you want and I will give you your heart’s desire.” And to Hutch she said: “I

## GOOD-BYE TO MOTHER GOOSE

will build you a school all for yourself and give you the kindest teacher you've ever dreamed of, or, if you don't want to go to school, you may stay out of it for the rest of your life. Only please don't go away."

And King Kuriosity said with tears in his voice:

"Thank you, Mother Goose, dear Mother Goose, my good woman, but I must return to my own land and to my own people, for that is the duty of a king and I must do what I must do."

And Hutch said:

"Thank you, very much, my dear friend Mother Goose, but I must go to school, and although you have been as good as any mother to me, I must go to my own mother, for she will be waiting for me and will miss me if I do not go back to her. Perhaps next year I will come to see you if I may."

And Mother Goose told Hutch that as long as he lived he would always find a home with her.

And when it was agreed that King Kuriosity and Hutch were to leave Rhymeland they got out the old wheelbarrow airplane and dusted off the cobwebs that had grown all over it during their stay with Mother Goose.

The next morning, when it came time for King Kuriosity and Hutch to leave Rhymeland, Mother Goose gave another breakfast party just like the one she gave for them when they first came to Rhymeland, only she was wise enough to lock up the Spider That Frightened Miss Muffet Away, and she told the Pussy Cat That Had Been to London to See the Queen that she mustn't quarrel with the pussy cat that Tommy Green had thrown down the well.

And the breakfast went off without any trouble, and not a dish broke, though once there was nearly a row when Jack Be Nimble jumped over the candlestick and landed in the middle of Georgey Porgey's puddings and pies. But Hutch



## KING KURIOSITY

pulled him out and wiped the pie from his face and in a minute all was quiet again.

And when the breakfast was all over and Mother Goose and all her animals and people came out before the little house, there were King Kuriosity and Hutch, and they got into the wheelbarrow airplane and everybody and animal cheered and waved their hands and paws and hoofs and Mother Goose got up on her very fine Gander and flew away with King Kuriosity and Hutch to show them the way, because that was the polite thing to do.

And when they had gone a mile or so Mother Goose shouted "Good-bye," and told them to come see her again, for there would always be a welcome for them in Rhymeland.

King Kuriosity sailed his wheelbarrow airplane over the land and after a while they came to his own country: the land of Whyandwherefore. Of course his people were glad to see him and gave him about three thousand cheers and they gave Hutch almost as many more.

And King Kuriosity gave Hutch a great banquet and all the princes and dukes and barons and counts of Whyandwherefore were there and they dressed up in all their Sunday best and they asked so many questions it was near the next before King Kuriosity and Hutch could answer them all.

And of course the people of Whyandwherefore were astonished to hear all about Ethel, the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon, and Thomas J. Pig, Esquire, Who Went to Market, and Simple Simon and All the King's Horses and all the rest.

And Hutch stayed in the land of Whyandwherefore for about a week, and everybody loved him so that when it came time for him to go all the princes and dukes and barons and counts cried and cried till the rivers and lakes came near overflowing, and it was a good thing that Hutch finally left or there might have been a flood.



## GOOD-BYE TO MOTHER GOOSE

So, early one morning, King Kuriosity got out the old wheelbarrow airplane again and he and Hutch were off before anybody was up, because Hutch didn't want them to cry any more.

And before you could say "Zip," they had reached the land of Iz where Hutch lived and there were tears in King Kuriosity's eyes when he said good-bye.

But Hutch promised that when his next vacation came round he would spend it with King Kuriosity.

So Hutch went back to his mother and she was very glad to see him and he to see her, and when it was time he went to school and King Kuriosity went back to the land of Why-andwherefore, and that's the very tip end of this story.



*There were tears in King Kuriosity's eyes*





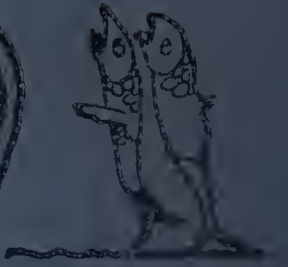












# KING KURRIOSITY

by

*George Mitchell*

